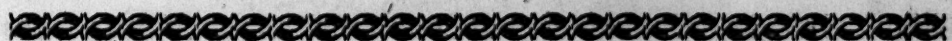


A

POETICAL PARAPHRASE

On Part of the BOOK of

I S A I A H.



[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

POETICAL PARAPHRASE

On Part of the BOOK of

ISAIAH

By WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M.A.

Rector of Haverhill and Minister of the Gospel in that



Printed for R. GARRATT

D E D I C A T I O N



TO
which I am

The Reverend Doctor H E A D,

ARCHDEACON of *Canterbury*.

S I R,

A Paraphrase is here offered, by which, it is hoped, the Gay, as well as the Grave, may be induced to study the EVANGELICAL PROPHECY; and insensibly in a *Vehicle* of Pleasure, be improved in Piety. The Transition is easy, from being Lovers of the elegant Arts, to become Votaries to the Beauty and Elegance of VIRTUE: for She is divinely fair. Your
Zeal

DEDICATION.

Zeal for the Interests of RELIGION, adorned with an engaging and humane Deportment, gives great Propriety to this Address : and I rejoice at the Opportunity of declaring the Sincerity and Respect, with which I am,

Mr. ARCHDEACON,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

W. LANGHORNE.



P R E F A C E.

THE Prophet ISAIAH was of royal Blood, and educated in all the Politeness of a Court. He entered upon his Prophetic Function in the Year of the World 3244, before CHRIST 760; and continued to prophesy, above fifty Years. His Birth, his Eloquence, above all, his exemplary Life and Conduct, gave him a Share in the most important Events that happened in *Judaea* in his Time. What is more, his excellent Qualities procured him a particular Intercourse with HEAVEN; and the ALMIGHTY made Choice of him as a proper Instrument for revealing most plainly the Glories of his SON's future Kingdom.

His Writings are full of the true Sublime, of that irresistible heavenly Fire, which pierces the Heart of Man, and makes it burn within him. He must be read with Admiration by the unprejudiced Infidel; but with Transport by the sincere Christian. For there is no Dispensation of HEAVEN with regard to Mankind, no Grace or Virtue, whether human or divine, but is placed in a striking Point of Light by this Prince of the Prophets.

Ye

P R E F A C E.

Ye who breathe after the celestial *Canaan*, rejoice in the Light of that HOLY ONE he celebrates! Ye on whom the Day-star has dawned, be warmed with his blessed Rays, till you shine with some Part of his Lustre, and advance with firm Steps towards the perfect Day of unblemished Holiness! That spotless Crown, and its Attendant perfect Repose, you must not expect in this World, where the great and good ISAIAH was sawn asunder for warning a wicked King and degenerate People of the Destruction that hung over them: but hope for it in the Company of those *Seraphim*, with whom the Prophet now dwells; and whose Raptures the sublime and animated Account he has given of the DIVINE NATURE and the MESSIAH, may be supposed to resemble.

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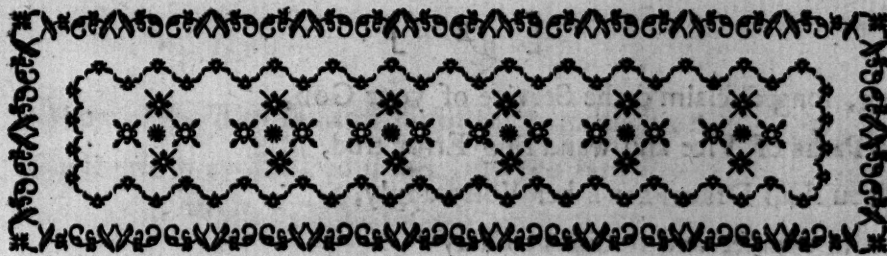
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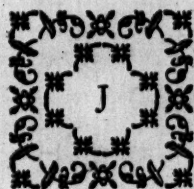
POETICAL PARAPHRASE

On Part of the BOOK of

I S A I A H.



Prophecies concerning *Judah* and *Israel*.



EHOVAH speaks—let all Creation hear ;
Thou Earth, attend ! ye rolling Heav'ns give Ear !
“ Rear'd by my Care, and foster'd by my Hand,
My rebel Sons against their Father stand.

Tho' Brutes inferior, void of Reason's Ray,
Their Lords acknowledge, and their Cares repay ;
Ungrateful still, *They* slight the Love that yields
The bending Vineyards and the blooming Fields.

Ah Seed of Men deprav'd ! to Knowledge blind,
In the false Grasp of RUIN's Arms reclin'd !

B

Long

Long, long disclaim'd the Service of your God,
 The Paths of Vice and wand'ring Error trod,
 To you shall DISCIPLINE her Voice apply,
 Firm to oppose, and studious to defy ?
 VICE o'er each Rank her baleful Influence sheds,
 From Tribe to Tribe the dire Contagion spreads.
 Hence foreign Foes your trembling Land devour ;
 DESTRUCTION issues from her murky Bow'r,
 Lays the fair Tow'rs of weeping *Sion* low
 As some lone cottage on the Mountain's Brow.
 Did not th' ALMIGHTY guard the virtuous Few,
 Curst *Sodom's* Crimes would here the Scene renew.

Ye Sons of *Sodom*, who distinguish'd shine,
 Attentive listen to the Lore divine.
 Why in my Fane do countless Victims fall ?
 Your Poms, your Feasts—my Soul detests 'em all.
 Your Orisons lip-warm I will not hear :
 Blood stains your Hands—your Hearts are insincere.

In Streams of PENITENCE, that freely flow,
 Lave your dark Souls : OPPRESSION's Love forego :
 No more let SIN's false-beaming Snare beguile,
 But court with studious Care bright VIRTUE's Smile.
 Impartial hear th' unfriended Orphan's Cause,
 And for the Widow's Aid exert the Laws.
 Then shall your Crimson-Sins a Whiteness gain
 Like the fair Snow fresh-glist'ning on the Plain.
 Gay PLENTY's Wreath each virtuous Head shall crown ;
 VICE only shrinks at WAR's destructive Frown."

How

How chang'd to Dens of Guilt the faithful State,
 Where erst in awful Pomp fair JUSTICE sat !
 For the low Wretch she lifts her Scale no more :
 The groaning Streets are spread with human Gore.
 CORRUPTION stains each Rank, each rebel Tribe,
 Ev'n Princes learn to grasp the fardid Bribe !

In solemn Accents speaks th' Eternal KING—
 “ Swift Vengeance on my Foes this Hand shall bring,
 Yet MERCY's gracious Pow'r the Wreck shall stay,
 Recall thy Truth, and purge thy Dross away :
 FAITHFUL and SACRED shall be *Salem's* Name,
 And as of old thy Judges known to Fame.
 Redeem'd from Death, shall *Sion's* Glory rise,
 From Sin redeem'd, her Sons shall pierce the Skies :
 While stern DESTRUCTION points her flaming Dart
 At GUILT's black Brow, at each rebellious Heart :
 While the fair Oaks, the deep-embow'ring Groves,
 Scenes of dire Worship, and of hateful Loves,
 In the wild Waves of Fire fast-falling, groan,
 And each vile Monster burns with Shame unknown.”

* The sacred Mount, where *Israel's* Glory stands,
 High shall exalt its Head o'er wond'ring Lands :
 Heav'n-taught, each grateful Realm, in latter Days,
 Shall lift to Heav'n's high KING the Voice of Praise :
 Here pitch their Tents, here fix their last Abode :
 From *Sion's* Hill proceeds the Law of God.
 'Tis He rebukes : He only can controul,
 And bend to Arts humane the savage Soul.

Those Arms, that once o'er the devoted Soil
 Bade Havock rage, shall aid the peaceful Toil :
 Thus the dire Arts of ruthless War shall cease,
 And friendly Nations join their Hands in Peace.
 Will *Israel's* Sons the glorious Blessings shun,
 While to *their* Light enraptur'd Kingdoms run &

Jehovah now forsakes his faithless Land,
 Which hell-born Crimes of Divination brand ;
 Which her warm Trust in heav'nly Strength foregoes,
 And on the Smile of Tyrants dares repose.
 Securely lock'd her Treasures shine untold ;
 Unnumber'd Horses champ the foamy Gold ;
 Her painted Chariots glitter on the Plains :
 Hence, all but human Prowess she disdains.
 Hence, to vain Idols does her Folly bow ;
 Besotted all, the lofty and the low !

Seek the tall Rock ; in vaulted Caverns hide :
 Canst thou the Terrors of thy God abide ?
 Canst thou endure that fiercely-gleaming Day,
 Whose awful Frowns the GODHEAD shall display ?
 Low, low to Realms of DEATH thy Pride shall fall,
 Thy kindred Soul infernal Spirits call :
 The spiry Groves of *Lebanon* shall mourn,
 The Hills sublime to yawning Ruins turn :
 Each Tow'r's aspiring Height, each *moony* Fort
 Trembling shall nod, the furious Whirlwind's Sport :
 When, shook by Heav'n's rough Blast, old Ocean raves,
 The painted Prow shall plunge beneath the Waves.

Shall

Shall Mortals brave this Scene of Vengeance loud?

Amid this dreadful Shock of Worlds be proud?

In that great Day th' OMNIPOTENT alone

High o'er the subject World shall fix his Throne.

Then from its Base shall each gay Idol nod,

Each Dæmon tremble at the Voice of God:

Seek the tall Rock; in vaulted Caverns hide:

Canst thou the Groans of shudd'ring Earth abide?

Trust not in Man, whose Breath's a transient Gale:

See ev'ry Pow'r, each Boast of Wisdom fail!

* Behold, at God's Rebuke our Glory flies,

Each smiling Hope of foodful Harvest dies.

The great in Peace, the great in rugged War,

The Pride of Senates and the clamorous Bar,

The learned Guardians of Religion, fall;

For heav'nly JUSTICE pours her Wrath on all.

While Children reign o'er *Judah's* famish'd Land,

CONFUSION rears aloft her flaming Brand:

While the black Waves of popular LICENCE roar,

Age, Place and Virtue meet Respect no more.

His Friend's, his Brother's Aid, the Wretched calls,

Amidst the Flood of Woes the Brother falls.

The Land that spurn'd RELIGION's faithful Reins,

Sees ghastly RUIN hov'ring o'er her Plains.

The Front of Brass, like *Sodom*, they display,

Bold and unnat'ral, brave the conscious Day.

Careless and fearless, they no tempest shun,

On the bare Rock their giddy Vessels run.

O VICE.

* Chap. III.

O VICE, O VILLAINY, the rocks behold
O modest VIRTUE, see thy Dome of Gold!

By Children govern'd, or by Women led,
My Sons the Paths of wayward Folly tread:
The Rain, with Vengeance red, my Hand shall pour,
On stern Oppressors, who the Land devour:
Should Ye, who rule, to partial Favour lean,
Crush the poor Wretch, the wealthy Villain screen?

Since *Sion's* Daughters spread th' enchanting Snare,
Display their ivory Necks or Bosoms bare,
With Eyes lascivious each rash Gazer meet,
Mince as they go, soft-tinkling with their Feet;
The much-lov'd Mirror they shall court no more,
Their lovely Looks disguis'd with Tethers sore.
Stript of the needless Wealth, that late supplied
Each Thought luxurious, and each Scheme of Pride;
The Silks, in *Indian* Looms that glitter'd gay;
The Gems, bright Offspring of the Lamp of Day;
The downy Velvets, dypt in *Tyrian* Dye;
The Cloth of Gold, that caught each vagrant Eye;
The Wash cosmetic, and the lying Red,
Which o'er a wither'd Face new Lustre spread;
For these gay Trinkets shall their Bosoms mourn,
And, left in hopeless Silence, vainly burn.
The Food of Savage War, thy Men shall die,
Low in the Dust lamenting *Sion* lie.

* Yet while DESTRUCTION sweeps the trembling Land,
Behold a Remnant screen'd by MERCY's Hand!

The

* Chap. IV. Ver. 2. The Sense and Connection require, that the former Chapter should have ended after the first Verse of this.

The * **BRANCH** Divine, beneath his fav'ring Shade
 Fenc'd from Affliction's Heat, the Good shall aid;
 Wipe ev'ry Stain, and ev'ry Crime efface,
 Purg'd by his **SPIRIT's** Fire, his **SPIRIT's** Grace.
 By Day the Cloud, by Night devouring Flame
 Shall fix a glorious Guard on *Israel's* Fame
 In vain the Storm may rage, the Lightning play,
 To blast the Flow'r in endless Beauty gay.

† The **PRINCE** of genial Peace, who reigns above
 Unrival'd Object of celestial Love,
 Deign'd in Earth's Glebe to plant the choicest Vine,
 Where Dews descend, where brightest Hillocks shine;
 Fenc'd it from each rude Blaft's malignant Power,
 The Prefs prepar'd, and rear'd the beauteous Tower.

What blest Return from all my **Labour** springs
 Empoison'd Grapes the faithless Vintage brings.
 Let *Salem* judge, let *Israel's* Sons declare,
 Could I this Vine have rear'd with gentler Care
 Empoison'd Fruit why does the Vintage bring
 From cultur'd Plants do Grapes ungenerous spring
 Th' ungrateful Vine all-desolate shall mourn,
 The Rage of Foes its tott'ring Fences burn;
 O'er thorny Wilds, o'er choaking Brambles led,
 Unprun'd, unblest, its uselefs Tendrils spread.
 By Me forbid, nor Clouds shall Plenty show'r,
 Nor the rich Dews their fatt'ning Influence pour,
 Where **JUSTICE** should have fix'd her radiant Throne,
 I hear insulted **Woe's** unpitied Groan.

* The **MESSIAH**.

† Chap. V.

A grievous *Curse* shall blast th' insatiate Store
 Of those who much possess, yet lust for more.
 As form'd for them, they stretch the spacious field :
 Their fairest Lot shall no Fruition yield ;
 Drear and forlorn their num'rous Houses stand,
 And blighting Mildews burn the pining Land.

Behold the *Curse* those Sons of RIOT blast,
 Who Days and Nights in lawless Pleasure waste !
 Are these your Feasts to celebrate my Name,
 Where Music maddens, and where Wines inflame ?

Hence, parch'd with Famine, on a foreign Shore,
 My People mourn their Glory now no more.
 Hence, the devouring GRAVE her Jaws extends,
 And PRIDE, with all her tinsel Train, descends.
 While self-accusing Foes to Virtue pine,
 The Hand of God shall high in Glory shine.

The *Curse* shall smite each Libertine, who cries,
 " With Speed, to judge the World, let JUSTICE rise :
 For Age on Age with silent Lapse hath roll'd,
 And yet no Change in Nature we behold."

The *Curse*, with Terror arm'd, that Soul shall wound,
 Whose harden'd Guilt would rase each moral Bound,
 Who murky Vice confounds with Virtue fair,
 Or mocks the Thought of both as flitting Air,
 Tho' these immutably distinct remain
 As Light and Darkness on th' ethereal Plain.

The Sons of Pride, in Self-Opinion wise,
 Who each meek Soul, each honest Heart despise ;

The

The Sons of *Jollity*, who vainly boast
 Of Bowls innum'rous quaff'd, of Reason lost;
 The Sons of *Gain*, who, vers'd in Ways of Blood,
 Release the Villain, and condemn the Good;
 All blasted to the Root, shall sink in Shame,
 As yellow Fields the Food of vengeful Flame.
 Hence * FATE's dread Ministers for Victims call!
 Hence, the strong Pillars of *Jerusalem* fall!
 † See Heav'n's high KING his awful Standard rear!
 And countless Hosts from distant Lands appear,
 Prepar'd in GOD's all-righteous Cause to bleed,
 Wing'd on their March with more than mortal Speed.
 Bent are their Bows; their Arrows burn to fly
 In hissing Show'rs along the shaded Sky.
 Their snorting Coursers throw the Foam around,
 And, proudly prancing, strike the meeting Ground.
 Swift as the Whirlwind move their fiery Wheels:
 The trembling Air th' impetuous Clangor feels.

Pierc'd

* The Author uses the Word *Fate*, as a Poetical Expression for the Providence of GOD; whose Decrees are always agreeable to right Reason and the Truth of Things.

† In this and other Passages, where the *Hebrew* Text is particularly grand and sonorous, the Author has heightened the Expression of his Paraphrase, as much as he could, consistent with keeping clear of Rant and Bombast. But at the same time he is sensible, every Transfusion, (POPE's beautiful Eclogue not excepted) falls short of the Spirit of the great Original. The Measure of the *Hebrew* Poetry here, and indeed in general, is the *Dimeter Hypercatalectic*; or else, the *Dimeter Catalectic*, commonly called the *Anacreontic*. In plainer Words, it consists of nine, or of seven Syllables: Two short Syllables are sometimes used for one long one, and *vice versa*; and sometimes there occurs an agreeable Break.

Pierc'd with sharp Famine's Sword, the Lion's Roar,
 The Waves in Storms deep-thund'ring on the Shore,
 Of these dread Hosts faint Images afford,
 Loud-shouting in the Battles of their Lord.
 O'er Judah's trembling Sons grim HORROR reigns,
 And dark'ning Clouds envelop all the Plains.

ISAIAH's Vision.

* In Visions I beheld the Throne Divine
 High in supernal, endless Glory shine.
 Th' embattled Chiefs around their Squadrons drew,
 And near the Throne the flaming Seraphs flew :
 But these applied the reverential Veil,
 Left in the Rays of God their Forms should fail ;
 While in alternate Strains his Praise they sung,
 Thro' all its Domes astonish'd Æther rung——
 “ Thrice sacred is the great, th' immortal King,
 Adoring Worlds his matchless Glory sing.”

“ Ah me ! I sink, appall'd with Terrors keen,
 Th' immortal King these trembling Eyes have seen :
 Amidst unhallow'd Tribes I pensive dwell ;
 How shall unhallow'd Lips his Glory tell ?”
 Then flew a Seraph from the raptur'd Choir,
 And, swiftly darting, touch'd my Lips with Fire,
 Heal'd my sad Bosom torn with dire Dismay,
 And purg'd the Stains of ev'ry Sin away.

The Voice then ask'd, “ What Minister will go
 To bear this Message stern to Tribes below ?”

ISAIAH said, " Thy sacred Words I'll bear."

" Go well-affur'd : To *Israel's* Sons declare—

* Let *Grace* forsake each Soul immers'd in Sense;

Let *Mercy*, spurn'd, resent the dark Offence :

In vain shall *Truth* unfold her heav'nly Lore,

In vain shall *Virtue* spread her radiant Store."

" Yet, LORD, how long shall *Stupor* blast our Plains ?"

" Till o'er their Face wide *Desolation* reigns,

Till all this People faints in foreign Chains.

Yet to these Plains a Remnant shall return,

The Seed of virtuous Sires shall cease to mourn,

Who firm amid the Storms of Sorrow stood,

As some tall Oak that braves the beating Flood."

The *Jewish* State shall exist, till a Virgin bear a Son.

† Th' ALMIGHTY thus ; " Some Sign let AHAB know,
Or in supernal Air, or Ocean low."

With false Humility the King replied,

" By me the Truth of Heav'n shall ne'er be tried.
Shall those, who David's faithful Paths have trod,
Spurn Man's Advice, or doubt the Care of God ?"

Now hear the sacred Word spontaneous run ;

" A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
His glorious Name shall speak his Race Divine,
And all the Godhead in a Mortal shine."

C 2

Syria

* Compare this with *John* XII. 40, 41: whence it appears, that, by the King,
the Lord of Hosts, ISAIAH here means the MESSIAH.

† Chap. VII. 10.

Syria and Israel shall be conquered by the King of Assyria.*

The glorious Reign of the MESSIAH.

† Prepare, ye mighty Nations, for the War,
Leagu'd in firm Friendship, mount the rapid Car :
Nor Strength nor Union can your Cause maintain,
When angry HEAV'N shall stretch you on the Plain.
Assyria's roaring Flood shall onward pour,
And the fierce Pride of gather'd Realms devour.

Trust not the League, nor Faith of Tyrants try,
But trust the faithful KING who reigns on high :
To his great Name internal Rev'rence bear ;
Find a sure Refuge in His saving Care.

The SAVIOUR thus ; “ Complete the Book of Heaven,
Beyond whose Seal no Precept shall be given :
While I propitiate Heav'n's immortal Sire,
Who now regards you with a Look of Ire.”

Why seek ye Men who vainly Converse boast
With Souls slow-rising from th' infernal Coast ;
Each Wizard mutt'ring hard and horrid Things,
From his vile Heart who stale Devices brings ?
Why on Affairs of Earth consult the Dead ?
Consult your GOD ; his sacred Volumes read.
The Man who this celestial Rule denies,
Soon falls a Captive to the Prince of Lies.

Since

* Agreeably to this Prophecy, *Damascus* was taken by TIGLATH-PILESER, in the Year before CHRIST 741 ; and *Samaria* by SHALMANESER, in the Year before CHRIST 721. Thus a final Period was put to both Kingdoms.

† Chap. VIII. 9.

Since these blest Laws your Hearts no longer sway,

Your weeping Land becomes fair *Famine's* Prey :

Ye curse yourselves, your Polity, your King,

Provoke your God yet heavier Woes to bring ;

Tho' round you murky Forms of *Anguish* play,

And hideous *Horrors* blot the Face of Day.

Ah, shun *Despair* ! Ah, cling to *Mercy's* Throne !

And timely *Penitence* will all atone *.

† Tho' late the Plains of *Jordan* darkling mourn'd,

To *Galilee* behold gay Joy return'd !

The Fair sweet-smiling throws her Beams around,

And crowded Nations swell the long victorious Sound.

The galling Yoke, the frowning Tyrant's Rod,

All shatter'd, vanish from the Pow'r of God.

With Din promiscuous and empurpled Stains

Each Face of Battle frights the groaning Plains ;

But when the Hosts ethereal move to War,

Devouring Flame precedes th' ALMIGHTY's Car.

Rejoice ! a scepter'd Son from pitying Heaven

For us is born ; to us the mighty God is given.

In whose eternal Reign shall Misery cease,

Wise Sire of Ages, and great Prince of Peace !

Then bright-ey'd *Truth* and *Justice* all-divine

On DAVID's Throne with friendly Beams shall shine.

Now

* With this Chapter should be connected the following Words of the next, *Nevertheless the Dimness shall not be such as was in her Vexation. And then a new Period begin at, As at the first he lightly smote, &c. so now the People, &c.*

† Chap. IX. Part of the 3d Verse should be read interrogatively, and hast then not increased the Joy ?

Now shall *Samaria* mourn her Folly's Boast,
 That fell *Destruction* should not smite her Coast;
 That polish'd Stone for mould'ring Brick should rise,
 For Shrubs her tow'ring Cedars seek the Skies.
Philistia's Hosts, and *Syria's* faithless Pow'r
 Blast her fair Honours, and her Pride devour.
 Fierce shall the Wrath of heav'nly Fury flame;
 Nor *Mercy* draws, nor *Vengeance* can reclaim.

From Courts corrupt behold infernal VICE
 Clap her broad Wings, the People hail her Rise!
 Each loves the vile Dissembler's lying Veil:
 Their Youth shall sink, their Widows vainly wail.
 Wide o'er the Fields see darkling Villains spread
 A Fire, like that by furious Whirlwinds led!
 Swift as in Forests red *Destruction* runs,
 To *Death's* pale Arms descend *Samaria's* Sons.
 Faint rises FAMINE from her dreary Bow'r,
 Urg'd by her Dictates Friends their Friends devour;
 Now, deaf to *Nature's* Voice, their Brothers slay;
 Last, on themselves th' insatiate Monsters prey.
 Fierce shall the Wrath of heav'nly Fury flame;
 Nor *Mercy* draws, nor *Vengeance* can reclaim.

* Your Will, your Laws capricious, are unjust;
 Swift-pinion'd *Woe* shall strike you to the Dust.
 On fainting Necks your iron Yoke is laid,
 The Orphan's Right your ruthless Hands invade.
 What Hope, what Strength shall wage th' unequal War,
 When awful *Ruin* smites you from afar?

Bereft

Bereft of Aids celestial, swift you fall,
And, sunk in Chains, for Rescue vainly call.
* Fierce shall the Wrath of heav'nly Fury flame;
Nor Mercy draws, nor Vengeance can reclaim."

The Tyrant of *Affyria*, after he has fulfilled the Intentions of PROVIDENCE, shall fall. This Prophecy was delivered in the Reign of AHAB, and fulfilled in that of HEZEKIAH.

† Behold, I bid th' *Affyrian* Monarch go,
Rod of my Wrath, the Harbinger of Woe :
" Wound the false Nation's Heart with dire Dismay ;
Crush her untutor'd Armies ; seize the Prey."
Yet be no Homage means to HEAV'N's Command,
Nor sees th' Impression of JEHOVAH's Hand.

" The Slaves, he boasts, who my Direction wait,
May rival Kings in Greatness and in State:
My dreaded Pow'r hath smote the circ'ling Coasts,
Who brighter Gods ador'd than *Salem* boasts :
Beneath my Sword the fair *Damascus* fell,
Pale Fear and Anguish in *Samaria* dwell:
And shall *Jerusalem's* Tow'rs my Menace brave ?
What mightier God her tott'ring Fanes shall save ?"

When this fierce Tyrant hath perform'd his Part,
I'll pierce the proud Recesses of his Heart ;

Since

* It appears from the Repetition of this Passage, as well as from Mention being made of the Descendants of JACOB, that the four first Verses of this Chapter should have been connected with the last before.

† Chap. X. 5.

Since fav'ring HEAV'N's victorious Charge he bore,
Too vain we think, too haughty to adore.

" My Strength," he vaunts, " strikes trembling Monarchs down,
Nor Strength alone, for mine is Wisdom's Crown :

Grim by my Standard ghastly HORROR runs,

I spoil their Treasures, and I slay their Sons.

Each princely Vultur's Nest my Hand destroys,

I hear no angry Wing, no threatning Noise."

Boasts the keen Ax against th' uplifted Arm,

As it *alone* possess'd the Pow'rs of Harm ?

Fierce thro' his Train HEAV'N darts destructive Fire,

See the proud Victor in the Flame expire !

Then *Israel's* scatter'd Sons shall trust no more

The Smile of Kings, but faithful HEAV'N adore.

To God's blest Aid the Remnant shall return,

Nor *Sion's* pensive Streets for ever mourn.

Tho' *Ruin's* Arm rebelling Legions slays,

Yet *Mercy's* Voice her brandish'd Falchion stays.

Here let your Faith in my Supports be try'd ;

Despise the fell *Affyrian's* vaunting Pride.

As lofty PHARAOH's Tempest rav'd of old,

This Tyrant stern in Menaces is bold :

But soon *Destruction's* Wave his Boasts shall drown ;

Behold his grisly Form swift-plunging down !

While *Clemency* to Thee her Arm extends,

And for th' ANOINTED's Sake thy Suff'ring ends.

The

The peaceful Kingdom of the MESSIAH. The Call of the
Gentiles ; and Restoration of *Israel*.

* From JESSE's Stem a sacred BRANCH shall rise,
A Son divinely good, divinely wise.
No partial Sentence shall his Judgment stain,
No lowly Plaint neglected in his Reign.
His potent Word shall pierce the conscious Heart,
And bare the lying Villainies of Art.
See CHASTITY, fair Nymph with modest Eye !
See JUSTICE now returning from the Sky !
See lovely PEACE her Olive-Branch display !
The meek Lamb wantons with the Beast of Prey.
No prowling Bears the Village-Refuge invade,
And smiling VIRTUE sleeps, no more betray'd.
No more envenom'd, but serenely mild,
The speckled Asp shall lick the playful Child.

All Rapine in my holy Mount shall cease,
Safe for the Sons of Piety and Peace :
Diffusive thence shall Streams of Knowledge roll,
And heav'nly Truth be sped from Pole to Pole.
Behold a Prince of JESSE's sacred Line,
Far in the conqu'ring Pow'rs of Goodness shine !
His Ensigns wave, his shrill-voic'd Trumpets sound,
And alien Crowds the god-like Chief surround.
Lo, *Mercy* bids the scatter'd Tribes return,
And with new Raptures of Redemption burn.

D

In

* In that blest Day shall grateful *Israel* sing
 These Strains of Praise to his victorious King :
 All-gracious Prince, thy awful Wrath subsides,
 And Mercy flows in never-bounded Tides.
 The GOD of Armies smites my trembling Foes ;
 Safe in his Truth my Bosom shall repose.
 A living Fount the SAVIOUR'S Hand shall show
 Whence Streams of Happiness benignant flow.
 Exalt his Name! Oh blest th' eternal KING !
 Far glow his Praise on *Love's* seraphic Wing !
 Oh let the Pow'rs of Music aid the Flame !
 Swell the glad Voice to great JEHOVAH'S Name !

The Fate of *Babylon*.

It was taken by CYAXARES II. (or, DARIUS the *Mede*) and CYRUS,
 in the Year before CHRIST 538 ; which is here predicted above 200
 Years before the Event.

† Fix the dread Standard on the Mountain tall ;
 Exalt the Voice ; th' embattled Nations call ;
 Harangue, ye mighty Chiefs, the list'ning Crowd ;
 Lead on the Pomp of War with Clangor loud.
 I hear the Clang of Nations from afar,
 Fierce from the ‡ Mountains rolls th' impetuous War ;
 Of various Speech, from distant Realms combin'd
 By || one informing Soul, one dauntless Mind,

With

* Chap. XII. † Chap. XIII. ‡ Mountains of *Media* and *Persia*.
 CYRUS, whose Army was drawn from several Nations.

With Wisdom all-divine by HEAV'N inspir'd,
And with resistless Strength to Vengeance fir'd.

See God's great Day approach with dreadful Speed !
Mourn ev'ry Voice, and ev'ry Bosom bleed !
While red DESTRUCTION'S Hands your World o'erturn,
With flaming Guilt and mingled Anguish burn !
What dire Amazement smites the conscious Soul,
When solemn Darkneſs blots the ſtarry Pole !
When the veil'd Sun no more emits his Ray,
Nor *Cynthia's* Horn ſupports a fainter Day !
Then *Villainy* ſhall groan with Pangs of Woe,
And proud *Oppreſſion* feel the vengeful Blow.
In that dread Day ſhall Myriads of the ſlain
With ghastly Ruin load the trembling Plain.
JEHOVAH frowns—ah ! what ſhall bear the Blaze ?
The Heav'ns diſſolve, th' aſtoniſh'd Earth decays.

Defenceleſs as the Roe, your Warriors fly ;
The ruthleſs Foe ſhall hear no Suppliant's Cry :
But Streams of Blood ſhall die the reeking Plain,
And HAVOCK'S horrid Form triumphant reign.
Then all the ſhining Fruits of lengthen'd Toil
At once ſhall fall to foreign Hands a Spoil.
Fierce *Rapes* ſhall ſtalk before thy weeping Eye,
Thy harmleſs Babes unaided Victims die.
Stern from his Hills I call the ſavage *Mede*,
By his relentleſs Bow your Sons ſhall bleed :
No Gold can bribe him, and no Gems perſuade
To pity Age, or ſpare the trembling Maid.

Thus stately *Babylon*, the rich, the fair,
 The Pride of Realms, the great *Chaldean's* Care,
 Shall sink, the Ruin of one dreadful Day,
 As whelm'd in vengeful Flames *Gomorrab* lay.
 No Soul of Man shall in its Ruins dwell,
 Nor its loft Pride to wand'ring Pilgrims tell:
 No *Arab* there shall meditate the Prey,
 No gentler Shepherd chant his rural Lay.
 But the dull Owl his fun'ral Notes shall sing,
 While shaggy Satyrs form the choral Ring;
 There Snakes shall hiss, there growl the Tyger fell,
 There hungry Wolves exalt the dismal Yell.
 Soon shall the Hand of *Time* these Miseries show;
 See HEAV'N'S Artill'ry aim the deadly Blow!

* Then GOD shall burst afflicted *Judab's* Chain,
 Restore his Tribes to *Palestine* again;
 The Slaves *Chaldean* suffer in their turn,
 Sink ignominious, and in Fetters mourn.
 While *Jacob*, freed from servile Fear and Woe,
 In Songs sublime shall thus with Rapture glow—

Do our glad Eyes the Tyrant thus behold?
 And crush'd in Ruin are his Fanes of Gold?
 The Pow'r Supreme hath broke th' Oppressor's Rod,
 On Necks of King's his rushing Armies trod.
 The mighty Prince, before whose angry Frown
 Stalk'd *Terror* and *Dismay*, swift plunges down:
 No Aid of Arms attends his loudest Call,
 But Earth deliver'd hails the Tyrant's Fall.

The

The Groves of *Lebanon* salute the Day,
 Joy bids their lofty Boughs securely play.
 Hear awful HADES call the mighty Dead!
 See the wide Ways unnumber'd Princes spread!
 Princes, that once had thy Reproaches borne,
 Insult thy Ruin, and repay thy Scorn.

“ Stript of superior Pow’r, dost *thou* descend,
 Mix with the Herd, and Death’s Commands attend?
 Say, do thy Foes thy waning Pomp behold,
 * Thy Revels hush’d, thy threatening Visage cold?
 Star of the Morn, now blotted from the Skies!
 No more with Tyrant-Rage thy Pride shall rise.
 Low crush’d, no more thy swelling Heart shall say,

—Above th’ angelic Thrones, I’ll claim the Realms of Day:
 Far, far above this low Creation’s Sphere,
 Among the Gods distinguish’d I’ll appear—
 Behold stern *Vengeance* seize thy starry Crown,
 And deep in baleful Darkness whelm Thee down!
 Is this the Man that shook the trembling World,
 Whose lifted Arm the Torch of *Terror* hurl’d?
 Who spread Destruction o’er the weeping Plains,
 And held his Foes in adamant Chains?
 While humbler Princes rest in golden Urns,
 No Grave receives thee, and no Tomb adorns.
 Thy Carcase falls to rav’nous Wolves a Prey,
 Like vulgar Warriors on th’empurpled Day.

Will

* BELSHAZZAR, aliàs NABONADIUS, the last King of *Babylon*, a Prince remarkably luxurious, was slain in the midst of a riotous Feast.

Will Subjects long oppress thy Corse inhume?
Will Deeds of Death thy Memory's Shade perfume?
In vain for Aid thy bleeding Sons shall call,
And, for their savage Sire, in Anguish fall."

Thus HEAV'N decrees, dire Ruin shall deface
The Tyrant's Glory, and the Tyrant's Race.
The Pride of *Babylon* to * Pools shall turn,
And 'mid her Reeds the doleful Bittern mourn:
Thus *Judab's* Sons some Respite shall enjoy,
This galling Yoke no more their Necks annoy.
What Pow'r shall great JEHOVAH's Voice withstand?
What Pow'r repress the Terrors of his Hand?

The Kingdoms of *Syria* and *Israel* farther threatened †. The
sudden Destruction of the *Assyrians*.

‡ Thy Domes, *Damascus*, in gay Splendor glow,
But mark old RUIN, where he lurks below!
The gilded Pride of *Aroer's* Towns decays,
And 'midst her sighing Streets the Flocks shall graze.
Luxurious *Syria's* Pow'r shall feel the Stroke,
And *Israel's* Realm shall totter with the Yoke.
Consumption withers ev'ry blooming Grace,
Unknown *Dejection* smites each haughty Face.
The KING supreme, the Rock of Ages left,
Of ev'ry Succour see your Land bereft!

Yet

* CYRUS broke down the Head or Dam of the great Lake on the west Side of
the City, by which means the Country round it was overflowed.

† See Chap. VIII. and IX.

‡ Chap. XVII.

Yet some of *Jacob's* hallow'd Line remain,
 And in their native Soil may thrive again.
 Some golden Fruitage on the topmost Bough
 May still, uncropt, mature in Honour glow.
 The World shall seek her Idol-Pow'rs no more,
 But *Israel's* God with humblest Heart adore.

Woe to th' *Assyrian* Bands that Ruin spread,
 Like rushing Billows pour'd from Ocean's Bed.
 Lo, HEAV'N shall wide disperse your Sons of War,
 As rolling Chaff by Whirlwinds scatter'd far.
 The blue *Contagion* shall your Hosts assail,
 In one avenging Night your Numbers fail.

The CONFUSION of *Egypt*.

This Chapter refers to the Rebellion of the eleven petty Tyrants, against PSAMMITICHUS; which is related in the second Book of HERODOTUS. This happened about the Year before CHRIST 671.

* On rapid Clouds behold *JEHOVAH* ride!
 What Man, What Dæmon, can his Wrath abide?
 Th' ALMIGHTY comes—thou trembling *NILE* retire;
 Fall'n are thy Sons, and damp'd their martial Fire.
 No more Revenge against the general Foe,
 Each at his Neighbour meditates the Blow:
 The Bands by FOLLY rais'd REBELLION leads,
 Intestine War the dreadful Ravage spreads.
 Now to deaf Gods address your fervent Vow,
 To each vain Shrine with fresh Devotion bow,

Consult

Consult the Fools that boast infernal Powers,
And call the Spirits from their nether Bowers.

Mean while JEHOVAH bids a Tyrant reign,
And stretch his Sabre o'er th' *Aegyptian* Plain.
Their vaunted Strength decays, their River dries,
Bare are the Channels, and the Bulrush dies :
The broad Papyrus sees his Leaves decay,
And the tir'd Fisher vainly hopes the Prey :
The pensive Dames their fading Dress bewail,
The Flax is gone, the Lawns of *Aegypt* fail.

O blind to Knowledge, ye who vainly say,
Great PHARAOH's royal Stock shall ne'er decay.
Chiefs, that in Wisdom and in War excel,
Search HEAV'N's Decrees, the Fate of *Zoan* tell.
Ye, ye are they who black Confusion raise,
By whom the Tribes are lost in Error's Maze.
Now steady Toil no Means of Traffick brings,
Gay COMMERCE waves no more his golden Wings.

His Hand JEHOVAH moves—with pale Dismay
And Female-Fear, your Armies melt away.
Now smitten, as of old, by Wrath divine,
You shudder at the Name of *Judab's* Line.

Yet Aids ethereal *Judab's* Line shall bring,
In *Jewish* Strains the Sons of *Aegypt* sing.
There to the Pow'r Supreme shall Altars rise,
There hallow'd Incense reach the fav'ring Skies.
Freed from the Bondage of fell *Satan's* Reign,
See the MESSIAH blest your happy Plain !

Freed

Freed from th' alarming Fears of future Woe,
His Grace your Hearts receive, his Mercy know.
In Pity to your Wounds the Balm he pours,
And healing Drops of Peace celestial show'rs.

The FALL of *Babylon*.

* March, Sons of *Media* ; move, ye *Persian* Powers,
To *Babylon*'s proud Walls and gilded Towers.
Your Arms her pompous Bulwarks shall o'erturn,
And thus, distrest, the haughty Tyrant mourn :

“ I hear their Shouts—I see the savage Race——
Pain wounds my Heart, and *Terror* spreads my Face.
† In vain the Viands tempt, the Wines regale,
My Blood runs shiv'ring, and my Sinews fail.”

The Vision swift proceeds in dread Array ;
Aloft in Air their Ensigns flutter gay :
The Camels bend beneath the mighty Spoil,
The Meed of War and bloody-handed *Toil* :
For *Babylon* is fall'n, is fall'n !——
All prostrate now her Glories I behold,
And headless Trunks her Images of Gold.

E

Jérusalem

* Chap. XXI. Ver. 2. † *Babylon* was taken, when the People were in-
toxicated with Liquor, or buried in Sleep.

Jerusalem shall be taken by her Enemies, and her People carried away captive.

We have an Account of three Calamities of this Kind, in the Time of NEBUCHADNEZZAR. In the Year before CHRIST 606, DANIEL and many others; in the year before Christ 599, JEHOIAKIM II. alias JECONIAH; in the Year before Christ 588, *Jerusalem* being plundered and burnt, ZEDEKIAH and the chief of the People were carried Captives to *Babylon*.

* Why mourn thy Streets thus silent and forlorn,
Chear'd with no voice, and by no Footsteps worn?
Thy Chiefs no more in *Glory's* radiant Car,
Rouse the loud Trumpet, or provoke the War,
But from the steely Show'r all-trembling fly,
In Fetters languish, or inglorious die.

In some dark Solitude my Soul shall mourn,
With secret Shame for vanquish'd *Salem* burn.
From angry HEAV'N yet new Distresses rise;
Screen us, ye Mountains! fall on us, ye skies!
See her strong Walls to batt'ring Engines yield!
See scythed Chariots shake the groaning Field!
See quiver'd † *Elam* speed the vengeful Dart,
And the fell Ruffian pierce the Virgin's Heart!

In vain that Day your furbish'd Armour shone,
In vain you bound the threefold Cuirass on;
Made your gay Domes by an untimely Fall
New Succours lend to the surrounding Wall;

Collected

* Chap. XXII.
Babylonian.

† *Elam*, or *Persia*, was at that Time subject to the

Collected in vast Pools the war'ry Store,
 In yawning Trenches bade the Sluices roar :
 While you forgot that Hand, which form'd the Wave,
 Secur'd your City, and your Conquests gave,
 JEHOVAH thus : " At last your Crimes forego,
 And let the Tears of humble Sorrow flow."
 Yet *Pleasure's* Sons still raise the jovial Cry,
 " To-day we live, To-morrow we shall die."
 Yes, Sons of *Folly* ; short is *Riot's* Reign ;
 Soon shall ye fall in Racks of guilty Pain :
 Or, swept, in giddy Shoals, to foreign Lands,
 Conclude the changeful Scene in servile Bands.

The Fate of *Tyre*.

Tyre was taken by NEBUCHADNEZZAR, in the Year before CHRIST
 572, after a siege of thirteen Years. The Inhabitants retired to an
 Island hard by, and there built a new City.

* Ye Ships of *Carthage*, mourn for hapless *Tyre*,
 Your great Allies are whelm'd in vengeful Fire.
 Weep, *Sidon*, weep ! thy kindred † Maid no more
 Brings the fair Treasure from th' ‡ *Egyptian* Shore.
 In Grief, old OCEAN ! let thy Billows rave !
 Mourn round the Tow'rs that crown'd thy solitary Wave !
 See pensive *Tyre* like conquer'd *Egypt* fall,
 And one wild Victor stretch his Arms o'er all !
 Ah ! seek thy Colonies——their filial Aid
 May screen thy Sorrows in the growing Shade.

E 2

Is 3

* Chap. XXIII. † The *Sidonians* founded the City of *Tyre*, which is
 called a Virgin, because never before taken. ‡ *Sihor* is a Name of the Nile.

Is this the Seat of Joy, whose high Renown
 The long Records of rolling Ages crown?
 What Hand on *Tyre* the Days of Anguish brings,
 Where Sons of grasping *Commerce* shone as Kings?
 The Hand of HEAV'N her tow'ring Merchants slays;
 Her Wealth, the great Resource of Pride, decays.
 In vain o'er Ocean's Flood she stretch'd her Pow'r:
 Low sinks each Fortrefs in the fated Hour.
 Her Days of Pleasure find a dreadful Close:
 And * *Greece* looks helpless on her growing Woes.
 By savage Arms, O *Tyre*, thy Beauty falls,
 Whose brutal Rage destroy'd their † Mother's Walls.
 Ye Ships of *Carthage*, mourn for hapless *Tyre*!
 Low for a Time she sinks in vengeful Fire.

The Kingdom of *Israel* threatened with great Calamities; in
 Terms applicable to the Consummation of all Things. Con-
 solations promised the Good.

‡ JEHOVAH bids strong-pinion'd *Vengeance* fly——
 Behold the Earth a shapeless Desert lie!
 No sacred Vesture shall the Priest defend,
 Sunk with the People in one dreadful End.
 No Gold, extorted from the sighing Poor,
 From these fell Terrors shall the Wretch secure;

No

* See Gen. X. 4. where *Kittim*, or *Chittim*, is reckoned among the Sons of *Javan*, who peopled *Greece*. † NABONASSAR the *Affyrian* founded the Kingdom of *Babylon*, in the Year before CHRIST 747: and *Nineveh*, the Capital of *Affyria*, was demolished by the *Medes* and *Lydians*, in Alliance with NABUCHADNEZZAR, alias NABOCOLASSAR, in the Year before CHRIST 601.

‡ Chap. XXIV.

No Poor find Refuge in their meaner State,
 Alike obnoxious to the Stroke of Fate.
 The World, consum'd with pining Sickness, fades,
 His blasted Hope the Villian's Breast upbraids.
 Behold the Curse, dread Child of FATE, devour!
 What guilty Heart can bear this trying Hour?

MIRTH droops her Head; the solemn Organ sighs:
 Dumb is the Lyre; the chearful Vintage dies.
 Where are your Revels gay, your boastful Pride,
 Which once the Threats of distant Woe defied?

From the tall Tree each vicious Inmate torn,
 Each blighted Bough and Leaf polluted thorn,
 See happier Branches spread their Arms again,
 Blush with fair Fruit, and bless the parent Plain!
 On each sound Scion heav'nly Dews shall shine,
 And airy Music bless the Care divine:
 That Care old OCEAN, crown'd with Isles, shall raise
 His hoary Arms, and lift his Waves to Praise.

But lean *Consumption* shall the Villain slay,
 And deep'ning Pits yawn dreadful in his Way;
 The lofty Flood-gates pour their wat'ry Store,
 And hollow Whirlwinds in the rent Earth roar.
 See Tyrants sink beneath the vengeful Foe!
 See daring VICE involv'd in hopeless Woe!
 SIN shall no more her vaunting Chariot drive,
 Nor the least Remnant of her Race survive.
 The Host of Heav'n asham'd shall melt away,
 When God in *Sion* beams the perfect Day.

Al-

* All-faithful God ! thy glorious Name I praise ;
 Bright rolls the Stream of *Truth* along thy Days.
 When the rude Blast of impious Mischief blows,
 A safe Retreat thy shel't'ring *Mercy* shows ;
 Thy Hands each Promise to the Poor perform,
 Shade from the Heat, and Refuge from the Storm.
 Still in thy Care the humble Heart shall trust,
 And Desarts teem with Fountains for the Just :
 These, these shall gather Sweets that cannot cloy,
 Eat Fruits immortal, drink the Stream of Joy.
 The Veil remov'd, shall ev'ry Thought be read,
 And stifled Conscience lift her flaming Head.
 No more the Meek shall fear th' Oppressor's Pride ;
 All Strife is vanish'd, and each Tear is dried.
 Behold your God ! behold your Patience crown'd !
 And smiling Pleasures fill Life's endless Round !
 † Then shall the Sons of raptur'd *Judah* sing——
 Firm are our Walls, and matchless is our King !
 Wide ope the Gates, when Virtue's Friends appear ;
 For Truth and Virtue dwell for ever here.
 In boundless Pow'r, in perfect Goodness trust ;
 JEHOVAH's deathless Reign defends the Just.
 While to the Dust He strikes each tow'ring Head,
 While Cities proud lie prostrate with their Dead ;
 He, whose bright Rays in spotless Beauty shine,
 To kindred Sparks will lend his Aids divine.
 Blest King of *Truth* ! great Sum of our Desires !
 For Thee we wake Devotion's rapt'rous Fires.

For Thee we cleave to VIRTUE's narrow Way,
At Eve we blest Thee, and at rising Day.

Thy Arm advanc'd in Miracles of Grace,
Thy Smiles, reform not an ungrateful Race :
But when thy Judgements rouse the slumb'ring World,
When Vengeance dire on harden'd Guilt is hurl'd,
Then VICE, yet trembling and unfledg'd, shall fear,
And PENITENCE shall drop the humble Tear.

Father of all ! from whom each Blessings flows,
On *us* thy Care all-chearing Peace bestows.
On Earth, in Heav'n, we know no other Name,
Whose proud Pretence can sacred Homage claim.
While those who err from Thee to Idols vain,
And sink in Riot, are by *Discord* slain ;
While, ras'd from *Fame's* Records, *their* Memory dies,
Our num'rous Race thy genial Aid supplies :
To Sires in distant Realms dispers'd, forlorn,
'Mid Chains of Misery blooming Sons are born.
The Voice of ANGUISH lifts to Thee her Prayer,
Nor is her Wailing lost in desert Air ;
Her pious Fervors pierce the fav'ring Sky,
And ev'ry starting Thar is seen on high.

Hear a blest Tongue this heav'nly Answer give !
" Thy Dead with *Me* shall rise, with *Me* shall live.
Awake, ye Sons of perishable Clay !
The Dew descends—awake to perfect Day !
This pow'rful Hand the tender Flock shall save
From those fell Storms in which the Vicious rave ;

From

From heav'n-directed *Wrath's* destroying Spear,
 From all the Impious feel, and all they fear ;
 * From fierce † *LEVIATHAN's* tyrannic Reign,
 From *Death's* grim Gloom, from never-dying Pain.

Behold, once more I bless the spreading Vine ;
 The Dews shall fall, the kindly Rays shall shine.
 Safe in my Care, no impious Foes invade
 The blushing Grapes, or lurk beneath the Shade.
 Thus *Israel's* Branch again shall flourish gay,
 And o'er th' admiring World its Fruit display.
 He lies not crush'd beyond Redemption's Pow'r,
 Nor hopeless yet, has past the fatal Hour :
 When the rough Whirlwinds broke each blooming Spray,
 I screen'd *his* Stock from absolute Decay.
 ‡ Though Sons, unlike to faithful *ABRA'M*, die,
 Though Hearts ungen'rous heave the fruitless Sigh,
 At length his chosen Sons to Grace shall turn,
 Though now, dispers'd in distant Lands, they mourn.
 Hark ! hoary *TIME* th' awak'ning Trumpet blows ;
 In countless Waves the Crowd to *Sion* flows."

The *Israelites* punished for their Pride and Intemperance.

¶ In Gulphs of Woe shall sink the Crown of *Pride*,
 And sensual *Ephraim* swell the roaring Tide.
 The Garland withers on each sick'ning Head.
 And jovial *RIOT* quits his downy Bed.

Swift

* Chap. XXVII.
 of the *Jews* in the last Times.

† The Tyranny of Satan.
 || Chap. XXVIII.

‡ The Conversion

* Swift as the Wind, and as the Torrent strong,
In potent Wrath th' Avenger sweeps along.
See fair *Samaria*, once your boasted Flow'r,
In fading Beauty mourn the direful Hour!
Yet blest *JEHOVAH*, to the Righteous kind,
With sacred Honours shall their Temples bind;
With Wisdom clear their Councils shall inspire,
And breathe into their Hearts immortal Fire.
But these how few!——

How fast wild *LICENCE* swells her thoughtless Train!
See Priests, see Prophets aid the madd'ning Reign!
If Men voluptuous Priests or Prophets be,
Who rave inebriate, or false Visions see.

Whom then shall *HEAV'N* instruct?—The rising Youth,
The Babes in Years, or Babes in artless Truth.
By gradual mild Advance, and Line on Line,
In easy Plainness flows the Lore divine.
Let *Consolation* heal your anxious Breast;
Mark the bright Path; aspire to endless Rest;
When *HEAV'N* the blest Instruction deigns to give,
Will Man refuse to hear, refuse to live?
Will your proud Hearts, th' almighty Menace brave,
League with grim *Death*, and cov'nant with the *Grave*?
Yet boast, “Our Art the waving Scourge beguiles,
We find sure Refuge in the Maze of Wiles?”

But hear your God——“A sacred Stone I lay
In *Sion's* Courts, whose Strength resists Decay:

F

On

* *SALMANESER*, King of *Affyria*.

On this Support let *Israel's* Sons confide,
Then see secure *Destruction's* furious Tide.
Secure in Justice, with Devotion warm,
No Plague shall blast you, and no Sword shall harm :
While ev'ry Boast in empty Vapour flies,
And the fierce Storm destroys the Maze of Lies.
Yet arm'd terrific with the penal Rod,
I feel the *Father*, while I rule the God."

The Destruction of *Jerusalem*. A Resource in the Mercies of
the MESSIAH.

* Swift as on flaming † Altars Victims burn,
Behold *Jerusalem's* Domes to Ashes turn !
By Mounts, by moving Tow'rs, thy Foes prevail,
Fierce *Famine* gripes, and all thy Sinews fail.
Low in the Dust, thy rival'd Pride shall mourn,
As black Enchanters mutter o'er the Urn.
Like Dust in Eddies borne, thy Treasures fly ;
Stript of their Terrors, the proud Warriors die.
Ethereal *Justice* speeds the Shafts of Woe ;
The Thunder roars, the pointed Lightnings glow :
In yawning Earthquakes sink the trembling Tow'rs ;
The Tempests rave ; th' impetuous Flame devours.
Yet these fell Pow'rs, who *Sion's* Walls destroy,
Not long the Fruits of laurel'd *Fame* enjoy.

Like

* Chap. XXIX.

† *Ariel* signifies the Lion of God, and was an Appellation of the Altar of Burnt-Offerings. Here it denotes *Jerusalem*, a Part being put for the Whole.

Like him, who, tantaliz'd in fev'rish Dreams,
Slakes his distressful Thirst in cooling Streams,
But soon awakes to Drought and clammy Pain,
So quits the heav'n-struck Foe the Spoil again.

Awake, O *Sion*! see the vengeful Hour!—
She sleeps—and *Stupor* locks her ev'ry Pow'r :
The Chiefs, the Prophets close their drowsy Eyes,
And *Truth*, tho' terror-arm'd, neglected lies.
If HEAV'N conveys some Message big with Woe,
The Poor unable, or averse to know,
Regard it not ; or should it reach the Great,
“ Why, this Prediction Ages must complete !”

Hear this plain Menace of th' Almighty KING—
“ Ye Fools with false Regards my Praises sing :
Your Lips are warm, your Eye-balls seek the Sky,
While your lost Thoughts to Earth's low Trifles fly ;
While human Laws are blended with divine,
And, high-advanc'd, in tinsel Brilliance shine :
Hence, will I lay your inmost Counsels bare,
And spread your Frauds, your mazy Folds in Air ;
No more your Souls to dark Intrigues shall flee,
Or say, What Hand shall smite ? what Eye shall see ?

Boasts the fair Jar, in all its painted Pride,
Of any Grace, the Artist's Hand denied ?
All Order will ye blot from *Nature's* Laws ?
And place the swoln Effect above the Cause ?
Hence, shall *Confusion* spread your fighting Plain,
And wild, with Serpent-Locks, DISORDER reign :

Yet a few Years, and *Lebanon* shall burn,
And corn-clad Fields to dreary Forests turn.

Yet not to *all* these Menaces extend ;
In *Me* the Humble still shall find a Friend.
The wond'ring Deaf shall hear my heav'nly Lore,
And, in ecstatic Light, the Blind adore :
While mad Usurpers perish in their Toils,
Enrich'd with Freedom's and their Country's Spoils ;
Whose Rules capricious swell'd the penal Roll,
Whose Laws oppressive would the Poor controul.

Now speaks good *Abra'm's* Friend——let *Israel* hear :
No more the Frowns of lofty Scorners fear.
As Wave on Wave unnumber'd rolls the Tide,
Your Sons shall grow ; a milder * *PRINCE* preside.
Fair *VIRTUE* then shall fix her Seat on high,
And *PIETY* unveil her modest Eye.

The Folly of trusting in *Egypt*, and forsaking God.

† A mournful Fate those Rebel-Sons shall share,
Whose Folly forfeits *HEAV'N's* paternal Care ;
Who trust in *Egypt*, my Defence disclaim,
And plunge with headlong Speed from Shame to Shame.
Will *PHARAOH* screen your faithless Souls from Woe ?
This false Ally, too, meditates the Blow.
In vain your Princes fly to *Zoan's* Aid,
Disbonour smites you in her with'ring Shade.
In vain your Camels bear the beamy Store
Where Serpents hiss, where angry Lions roar.

* The *MESSIAH*.

† Chap. XXX.

Say,

Say, hope you Aid from this inhuman Pow'r?
The Asp shall sting, the Savage shall devour.

Go; in unfading Characters record
This Threat, this awful Censure of the LORD.
To headlong Ruin my lost Nation runs,
Dissembling Hearts, and disobedient Sons!
Who bid the Prophets sooth their wayward Wills,
And smother ev'ry Vision fraught with Ills;
Suppress the vain Surmise of Woes unseen,
Nor move with *Hell's* terrific Form their Spleen,

Soon shall that *Conscience*, which they now despise,
Flash keen Destruction in their trembling Eyes.
Can ill-won Treasure pour the balmy Rest,
When rise the pale Ghosts of the Poor oppress?
When direful Ruins totter o'er their Heads,
And Rocks and falling Milstones crush their Beds;
When unrelenting Hands their Bowels tear,
And waking Woe shall realize the Fear.

To Penitence I gave the Hopes of Grace,
I blest'd a peaceful and an honest Race.
But their degen'rate Sons my Grace decline:
"Ægyptian Steeds will aid their high Design,"
Hence, though the Miscreants flee with rapid Course,
More swift shall move the stern Pursuer's Horse.
The brandish'd Sabre of one threat'ning Arm
Shall o'er their thousands spread the pale Alarm.

Yet *Sion's* Seed at length shall Mercy find,
Relenting HEAV'N will bless the patient Mind.

Your

Your Sorrows shall be dried ; your Sighs shall cease,
 Your Prayers be answer'd with descending Peace.
 What though you largely drank the bitter Wave ?
 The flow'ry Shore your trembling Bark shall save.
 No more in gloomy Caves your Priests shall hide,
 But, undisturb'd, to Paths of Glory guide.
 The gilded Images your Hands shall tear,
 And lay their brainless, helpless Folly, bare.
 Your Fields shall look with fresh'ning Verdure gay ;
 Your Corn shall bloom ; your Flocks shall freely play.
 With fertile Streams shall dreary Wilds be crown'd ;
 And roseate PLENTY spread her Smiles around.
 Then with her Brother's Lamp shall *Cynthia* vie.
 The Sun with seven-fold Lustre gild the Sky :
 What Time almighty Aids their Grace display,
 Heal ev'ry Wound, and wipe each Tear away.

But this unhappy Age is mark'd with Pain,
 In the dark Air fierce Forms of VENGEANCE reign :
 Their hooked Hands are Ministers of Ire ;
 Black Banethey breathe ; their Tongues are arm'd with Fire.
 Before them *Death* and ghastly *Ruin* run,
 No Lie evades them, and no Vice can shun.

But *Salem's* Sons shall taste the Joy sincere,
 With Garlands crown'd, with festive Songs appear ;
 When *Plagues* and sweeping *Deaths*, at HEAV'N's Command,
 Clap their destroying Wings o'er * *Affur's* Land :
 When God's terrific Voice the Hills shall rive,
 And stormy Blasts the flaming Torrent drive :

Majestic

* *Affyria*.

Majestic Strains th' approaching Moments hail,
When, torn and dim, th' Oppressors' Glories fail;
When o'er the Tyrant's Head blue Sulphur rolls,
Deep Hell receives imperial Robbers' Souls.

* Why in your Hosts do Steeds of *Zaan* prance?
Why bid the Hireling shake his vigorous Lance?
Why Chariots seek from *Egypt's* faithless Shore?
High your Avenger rules—*his* Aid implore.
His glorious Pow'r no human Help shall need;
By his Award shall all Injustice bleed.
Shall the proud Mane of *Zaan's* Horse compare
With Cars of Fire, that cleave th' astonish'd Air?
Diffolv'd, annull'd, th' unnatural League shall fail,
And antient *Hate* the short-liv'd *Peace* assail:

Then, high-distinguish'd, shall the Arm divine
In pensive *Palestine's* Protection shine.
So roars the lordly Lion on his Prey,
With griev'd Scorn defies th' unequal Fray;
In vain the Pikes of Village-Hinds furround,
He snaps the Steel, and tempts the feeble Wound.

Repent your black Revolt; to God return;
And the vain Forms of helpless Idols burn.
A wond'rous Change then *Affur's* Heir shall feel;
Swift he shall perish—by no Mortal's Steel:
HEAV'NS potent Wrath shall strike his sparkling Crown,
And whelm him deep in murky Vengeance down.

The

The Blessings of the Gospel Dispensation.

* Behold, a KING shall reign, whose faithful Rays
Will gild the Throne of *Truth* with happier Days.
In the kind Influence of his gracious Mind
A fearless Refuge all the Good shall find.
Then the dim Eye th' unfolding Light shall gain ;
The stamm'ring Tongue shall utter without Pain ;
Th' impervious Ear the slightest Sounds receive,
And the gross Heart to heav'nly Knowledge cleave.

No more shall VICE usurp fair *Virtue's* Name ;
No more shall *Avarice* shine in frugal Fame :
No more external Pomp and specious Show
The pure Esteem of *Piety* shall know ;
Nor boast the borrow'd Beam of liberal Praise,
Nor catch th' incautious in their darkling Maze.

Ye courtly Fair, who all your Thoughts employ
On Days of Indolence and Feasts of Joy ;
Soon shall the Malice of prevailing *Woe*
Sharp Thorns upon your downy Pillows sow.
The Vine shall perish, the Perfume shall fail,
Your splendid Dress its wither'd Pride bewail.
In Cloth of Hair, amid the fading Groves,
Mourn the sad Changes of your vanish'd Loves.
No more in pompous Domes the festive Throng
Push the gay Ball of Revelry along :

To

To foreign Lords they crouch ; each Tow'r decays,
And in old Scenes of Joy the * Zebra brays.

Blest Aids at length th' ethereal SPIRIT brings,
And by his Power inverts the Face of Things.

The barren Defart blooms a fruitful Field ;

BENEVOLENCE and TRUTH fair Harvest yield.

Sweet Rills of PEACE along the Borders flow,

And HOPE's soft Smiles eternal Pleasures show.

Though Hail descend, though madd'ning Tempests roar,

Safe rest the Righteous on this friendly Shore.

Ah ! scatter wide that Seed with liberal Hands,

Whose heav'nly Fruit the Shock of Ages stands.

The Deliverance of *Judah* from the King of *Assyria*. Sure Pro-
tection promised the Pious ; and Punishments inflicted on the
Enemies of Virtue.

† Woe to the Tyrant, whose ambitious Mind

No Grace can soften, and no Leagues can bind :

Stript of the Spoil, his Chieftains shall return ;

Himself beneath the Sword of TREASON mourn.

Great KING of Heav'n, thy gracious Name we bless ;

The patient Eye of GRIEF beholds Redress.

Thy lifted Hand repress'd the Rage of War,

Quell'd the wild Hosts, and drove their Troops afar.

The Verdure of his Plains fell Teeth devour,

His Fruits of Conquest perish in one Hour.

G

High

* The Wild Ass.

† Chap. XXXIII.

High dwells that GOD, whose Arm the Wise supports,
 Who fills with Truth's pure Love our happy Courts;
 Whose Rays enlighten ev'ry faithful Soul,
 Who bids in pious Joys the Moments roll.

Erewhile our Warriors droop'd their languid Head;
 Spurn'd and despis'd, the Friends of Justice fled:
 The mourning Streets black Solitudes appear'd,
 Insulting Hosts their scornful Trophies rear'd;
 The Groves of *Lebanon*, fast-falling, sigh'd,
 And *Sharon's* Roses shed their bloomy Pride.
 But lo, **JEHOVAH** smites the faithless Train,
 Destroys **INJUSTICE** 'midst her savage Reign:
 On her own Head long-practis'd Mischiefs turn,
 In pestilential Blasts her Myriads burn.

Hear this, ye chosen Sons of *Israel's* Line;
 Ye distant Nations, bless the Pow'r divine!
 Each Hypocrite, surpris'd with vengeful Fear,
 Thus spoke, and dropp'd mean while the serious Tear,
 "What Art can screen us from immortal Ire?
 Ah! can we dwell with everlasting Fire?"

But the blest Owner of an upright Heart,
 Whose Tongue, whose Soul from Truth will never part;
 Who lawless Force will hate, and Fraud despise,
 Who views bright Heaps with undesiring Eyes;
 Whose faithful Hands from secret Bribes are pure,
 Whose Breast ne'er yields to curst **CORRUPTION's** Lure:
 This Man, this Light of Realms, shall shine on high,
 Spurn Hell's dark Confines, and affect the Sky.

The

The Fate of *Idumæa* declared, in Terms equally expressive of
the final Destruction of the World.

The *Idumæans*, or *Edomites*, were compelled by *HYRCANUS* to embrace
Judaism, about the Year before *CHRIST* 130; after which they
ceased to be a distinct People.

* *Earth*, let thy Sons this Doom terrific hear !
Be pale, ye Tribes ! ye Nations, shrink with Fear !
See the dread Shafts of heav'nly Vengeance sped !
Earth's trembling Bosom groans beneath the Dead,
While molten Hills enlarge th' impetuous Flood,
Exulting HAVOCK rides on Seas of Blood,
Unhing'd, the Host of Heav'n in Ruin roll,
The Stars fast vanish, like some flaming Scroll,
The King of Terrors stalks with awful Pace,
Fierce for the Carnage of an impious Race.
Behold the Day, when *Sion's* Foes shall feel
The vengeful Stroke of unrelenting Steel !
Where wanton Pow'r had fix'd his Seat on high,
Now Harpies range, and boding Screech-Owls fly :
There, mixt with black'ning Waves, shall Sulphur flow,
With endless Flames this Scene of Sorrow glow.

The Privileges of the *MESSIAH's* Reign.

+ See the dry Solitude, the russet Plain,
The spicy-bosom'd Blooms of *Carmel* gain !

G 2

Say,

• Chap. XXXIV.

+ Chap. XXXV.

Say, vie your barren Hills, your dreary Dales,
 With *Lebanon's* fair Groves, with *Sharon's* Vales?

“ Joy cloaths our rugged Wilds with sudden Greens,
 The KING of Glory cheers our thirsty Scenes;
 'Mid wond'rous Acts of Pow'r, this Change displays,
 DISEASE, fell Fury, flies our happy Ways.
 The paralytic Hand, the wither'd Knee
 Warm and exulting in his Praises see!
 Celestial FAITH each fearful Heart inspires,
 In TRUTH's fair Combat, with resistless Fires.
 The Blind, in rapt'rous Light, their God adore,
 And the deaf Ear attends his heav'nly Lore!
 The Lame in fresh'ning Vigour bound along;
 The Dumb in Transport try the trembling Tongue.
 New from *our* Rocks in Concert flows the Stream,
 And with unwonted Rays *our* Summits gleam:
 And, where in gloomy Brakes the Dragon lay,
 Fresh, smiling Verdure hails the genial Day.
 Where erst bewilder'd Mortals wont to moan,
 A hallow'd Path to Happiness is shown.
 The Man of Knowledge plain, but Heart sincere,
 Swift climbs, and sees the Crown of Glory near.
 Here growls no Wolf, no baneful Serpents hiss;
 Fearless and safe, the Just advance to Bliss.
 A fav'ring Veil the great REDEEMER spreads
 O'er his obedient Sons' impassive Heads.
 Ethereal Strains are sung by Spirits kind,
 And Diadems of Grace their Temples bind.

On

On radiant Wings immortal PLEASURE soars,
And envious SORROW flies to distant Shores."

* On Salem's Sons the Balms of Comfort show'r ;
Victorious Ensigns meet the laughing Hour,
For all her Suff'rings in the Warrior's Field,
See downy PEACE her gentle Pleasures yield !

From the dun Wilds a gladd'ning Voice I hear,
Swift for your GOD the hallow'd Way prepare !
'Mid sinking Mountains and aspiring Vales
His blest Approach enraptur'd Echo hails.
Each Heath, as conscious of its heav'nly Guest,
Displays new Beauties on its dreary Breast.
Short is the Life of fairest Verdure here,
So bloom the Race of Men, and disappear :
But GOD, whose mighty *Word* unchang'd endures,
A kind Resource in future Hope secures.

† O thou, whose radiant Rise good Tidings brings,
Ascend the Mount, proclaim the King of Kings.
Behold ! your GOD salutes your happy Plains,
High o'er th' obedient World your SAVIOUR reigns,
Behold his Hand such bright Rewards display,
As must endear Probation's toilsome Day !
This Prince of Shepherds, with unceasing Care,
The fainting Lambs shall in his Bosom bear,
With gentlest Patience drive the pregnant Ewe,
And mark the Fields where falls the richest Dew.

Now raise each Effort of Conception high,
And say, what Being spans the lengthen'd Sky ?

Who

Who measures in the Concave of his Hand
 The rolling Floods? who counts the circling Sand?
 Who weighs in wond'rous Scales the massy Hills?
 Who Space, beyond the Frame of Nature, fills?
 Can you instruct that all-creating Pow'r,
 Th' eternal MIND, who plann'd your natal Hour?
 Did you to Him the Paths of Truth unveil?
 Without your Aids would sacred Wisdom fail?
 What in *his* Sight is Earth's extensive Plain?
 What to the far-spread Shores one single Grain.
 The Isles how small before his awful Throne!
 How like the feather'd Motes in Eddies blown!

Say, what will human Art with *him* compare;
 Could lifeless Idols spread the liquid Air?
 Th' insensate Form laborious Founders cast,
 And Chains of Silver bind each Image fast.
 Will such imagin'd Pow'rs their Maker aid,
 When Guilt appalls, when busy Fears invade?

Will ye not rev'rence *his* tremendous Name,
 From whom this Globe receiv'd its beauteous Frame?
 Sure human Tribes embattled Locusts seem,
 Then what are human Works, compar'd with him?
 Whose high Commands the circling Planets guide;
 Who stretch'd the starry Heav'ns immensely wide;
 Who smites, amid his Guards, the Tyrant's Crown,
 Whose Mandate pulls the sworn Oppressor down;
 In whose dread Frown their with'ring Branches die,
 In Flames dissolve, in rapid Whirlwinds fly.

Now

Now lift your Eyes, ye Mortals, and behold
 Along the clear Expanse yon Orbs of Gold!
 Who marshals these? Who marks their radiant Way?
 Whose sacred Call do these fair Hosts obey?
 If *Matter* thus receives Direction kind,
 Will the wise God neglect th' obedient *Mind*?
 Ah, cease to meet the Terrors of DESPAIR!
 Ah *Israel*! trust thy Maker's happy Care!
 No Labour tires, no piercing Pains assail
 Th' eternal God: his Pow'r can never fail.
 Tho' deep his Ways divine——yet here we rest——
 His Goodness still supports the virtuous Breast.
 Tho' Storms a-while with savage Fury play,
 He lifts us to fair Hopes of brighter Day.
 Crush'd in its Mid-Career, lo Youth decays;
 Its Strength no more admiring Mortals praise:
 While Age ascends on Eagles' Pinions high,
 And keeps the Sun of Glory in its Eye.

* Prepar'd by previous Thought, let *Earth* proceed
 The Cause of each dumb Deity to plead.
 Say, was it one of these, or *Israel's* God,
 By whose assisting Pow'r a Just-One trod
 On Necks of Kings? Who gave his Eastern Bow
 To shake the Realms, to pierce each haughty Foe?
 The first, the last, JEHOVAH is his Name,
 Who wak'd to wond'rous Pow'rs all Nature's Frame:

The trembling Isles that mighty Victor saw,
 Low to their Idols bow'd with sevenfold Awe;

To

To each maim'd Arm another Hand supply'd,
 And bade their Forms exult in golden Pride.
 But to Omnipotence alone ye bend,
 O Seed of ABRA'M, GOD's acknowledg'd Friend ;
 Selected to adore th' eternal King,
 While other Lands the Praise of Dæmons sing.

Fear not your Foes, but hope from Him Redress ;
 His Smile shall brighten, and his Goodness bless :
 While unexpected Shame, and pale Dismay
 To impious Men announce the vengeful Day.
 Though meagre FAMINE fast her Terrors spread,
 In Fields bright-waving *Israel* shall be fed :
 Though that fell Monster Millions should devour,
 Still happy *Jacob* hails the plenteous Hour.
 Though parching THIRST should other Realms assail,
 ('Tis Heav'ns Command) your Fountains shall not fail.
 The barren Wilds, now gloomy desert Scenes,
 Shall boast fair Foliage and enliv'ning Greens,
 Your myrtle Bow'rs the spicy Breeze pervade,
 And the tall Cedar lend his chearful Shade.
 Still by such heav'nly Pow'rs the Hand divine
 To all the Virtuous shall distinguish'd shine.

“ Say, would ye Dæmons sacred Homage share.
 Ope the dread Door ; Futurity declare :
 Th' Event conceal'd in distant Ages show,
 That Men your blest Divinities may know.
 In vain ye strike that adamantine Gate,
 In vain of *you* fond Mortals ask their Fate.

Behold

Behold, I raise a Monarch's awful Pow'r ;
 His Fire shall each opposing Arm devour.
 Shall the bleak North this wond'rous Man display ?
 Or comes he from the Climes of rising Day ?
 See all in dumb Amaze !——no Idol knows
 Whence the blest Source of Good to *Sion* flows.

* Son of my Love, and Servant of my Choice,
 Behold the great REDEEMER !——hear his Voice !
 This Prince, supreme in all the SPIRIT'S Power,
 His sacred Dews shall on the *Gentiles* shower.
 See him in Majesty of Mildness move !
 Compos'd, serene, replete with heav'nly Love !
 He spares the smoking Flax, the bruised Reed,
 Bids the Sincere, tho' weak of Heart, proceed,
 And aids the Efforts of each humble Deed.
 Resolv'd and firm in Virtue's hallow'd Cause
 The Isles adore him, and revere his Laws.

The Pow'r that stretch'd the Fields of Æther scan,
 Who breath'd a Spark of heav'nly Fire in Man ;
 That glorious Pow'r the Prince of Justice calls,
 By whose dread Sword the Strength of *Satan* falls :
 While he to Man presents the Terms of Peace,
 And bids in Heathen Realms the Light increase ;
 Opes the blind Eyes, and Liberty bestows
 On such as, bound in Darkness, mourn'd their Woes."

All-perfect GOD ! JEHOVAH is thy Name :
 What Idol-Pow'r, like Thee, can Homage claim ?

H

Like

Like Thee, unfold the mystic Book of Fate,
And Acts of Ages yet unborn relate?

In Transports all-unknown let Music rise
From wond'ring Earth to him that rules the Skies!
Each Continent, each Isle's ecstatic Lays,
Each Rock, each Heath, the great CREATOR praise!
In ev'ry Strain while Love and Rapture sound,
And the long Vales with *Echo's* Voice rebound.

Impetuous Shouts astonish from afar,
When moves incens'd OMNIPOTENCE to War.
" Too long, faith JUSTICE, sleeps th' avenging Hour,
But now shall fiercer Wrath the Foe devour,
Blast the fair Verdure of his smiling Plain,
And dry the Rivers of his curst Domain:
While on th' unhappy Blind my gracious Ray
Darts the strange Vision of enliv'ning Day.
In redd'ning Shame shall false RELIGION fall,
Who taught her vot'ries on the Deaf to call.

Deep is the Darkness that o'er shades the Mind,
And thus my vaunting Ministers are blind;
Who *Truth's* bright Glories promise to display,
Yet lead their Flocks in each delusive Way.
But pure and sacred still the Law remains,
Though fraudulent Guilt each false Professer stains.
Hence, to fierce Spoilers *Israel* falls a Prey,
And in dark Chains laments the Loss of Day.
Struck with these Woes, will other Souls beware,
And timely shun DECEIT's alluring Snare?

What

What wrathful Hand high rais'd th' avenging Rod?
 Ah mark, revere th' appalling Hand of God!
 Against AFFLICTION'S Pow'rs; ah be not steel'd!
 That last Resource!——to Heav'n's Artillery yield!"

* Next in mild Accents speaks the Voice divine——
 " Fear not, ye faithful Sons, of *Jacob's Line*;
 Not for mere Life indebted to your God,
 Dear Liberty, *new* Life, my Hand bestow'd,
 In madd'ning Storms safe plow your wat'ry Way;
 Walk thro' fierce Fires——the Flame shall harmless play,
 Lo I, your *Saviour*, smote th' *Egyptian Hosts*,
 For you I pour'd Dismay on *Sheba's Coasts*.
 I stretch'd my Shield before the pious few!
 Your Foes' extended Ranks my Light'ning flew.
 Your Seed my Voice shall summon, where the Plain
 Drinks Dews of Morn, where Evening gilds the Main:
 The spicy South shall breathe the prosp'rous Gale,
 The North blow mildly on their spreading Sail.
 Th' Extremes of Earth shall bless the virtuous Race,
 By Goodness form'd, renew'd by happier Grace.
 When in dark Woe the Blind no longer grieves,
 When the deaf Ear low-murm'ring Sounds receives,
 Admiring Realms shall hail the wond'rous Hour,
 Embrace my Son, adore my deathless Pow'r;
 Shall Idols scorn, and *his* Command obey,
 Whose uncreated Wisdom form'd the Day.

O favour'd Sons, erelong my potent Ire
 On *Babylon* shall send devouring Fire.

H 2

Should

Should those fierce Tyrants in their Madness vie
 With *your* high God, the Monarch of the Sky?
 Of old I stopp'd stern PHARAOH's rapid Course,
 Whelm'd his dread Chariots and each warrior Horse,
 While *Israel's* trembling Hosts swift climb'd the Way
 Oped in the yawning Gulphs, the parting Sea.
 At these portentous Acts no more admire,
 New Miracles of Grace your Thought require.
 With gushing Floods the thirsty Wilds shall gleam,
 Fowls clap their Wings along the rising Stream.

Say, what Returns of Gratitude appear?
 Is my great Name belov'd, my Worship dear?
 Do Altars freely smook? Does Incense rise
 In more abundant Fragrance to the Skies?
 More worth than these, what Homage of the Mind
 Reveres my Pow'r? is to my Will resign'd?
 Does free Remission make your Souls obey?
 Forgiveness teach your Steps no more to stray?
 Small Fruit appears of all my gracious Cares;
 Your Sires, your Priests, are caught in PLEASURE'S Snare:
 Hence, crushing Woes your beauteous Fane confound;
 Shame spreads your Looks, and keen Reproaches wound.

* Yet shall the Fane, the Priests not ever mourn:
 Once more I bid the Smiles of Peace return;
 In copious Floods my SPIRIT'S Grace descend,
 To countless Souls its cleansing Pow'rs extend.
 Each rising Plant, in my propitious Care,
 Like Trees by fertile Streams, shall flourish fair.

Men in each Clime shall worship *Israel's* King,
And, rapt with pious Zeal, my Praises sing:
Ev'n the cold Genius of the North's chill Clime
To Me shall soar in Eastern Strains sublime.
How vain each Idol-Pow'r, the World shall see,
And to revere one heav'nly Throne agree."

CYRUS the Great prophesied of by Name.

He was born in the Year before CHRIST 599, and 161 Years after
ISAIAH entered upon the Prophetic Function.

* Ye rolling Spheres of Heav'n, sweet Music wake!
Let Earth redeem'd the festive Joy partake!
While, in just Concert, " *Echo's* vocal Tide
" Rolls the long Rapture down the Mountain's Side;"
And, struck with soft Surprise, the Forests nod
In lowly Homage to their gracious God.

That God, who stretch'd the starry Heav'ns alone,
Who made this Globe the Footstool of his Throne;
Who brings to Light each dark Diviner's Lies,
Who blasts the well-laid Purpose of the Wise;
Who the true Spirit on his Prophets pours,
Who Comfort speaks to *Salem's* trembling Tow'rs;
Who saith, † Ye Billows, at my Mandate fly;
Be bare, ye Channels: and, ye Floods, be dry:

That

* Chap. XLIV. Ver. 23. † CYRUS turned great Part of the *Euphrates*
into Canals dug for that Purpose, and marched up its Channel into the Heart of
Babylon.

That God to mighty Sway great CYRUS calls,
By whom shall rise reviving *Sion's* Walls;
By the kind Influence of whose happy Care
Once more shall flourish this blest House of Prayer.

* Thus the great KING of Heav'n to CYRUS speaks,
" Thy Arm, by Me impower'd, the Nations breaks.
On thy fierce Foes I bring the vengeful Day,
And smooth before thy Face each rugged Way.
To thy dread Hosts I ope the † brazen Gate;
Strong Bars of Iron feel the Hand of FATE.
I give thee flaming Treasures of the Mine,
Bright Stores, amass'd by wealthy Kings, are thine:
I give thy very Name — — Hence, CYRUS, know,
Me the sole God; and Grace to *Israel* show.
Thro' all th' Expanse of Space I reign alone,
By Me subsists thy delegated Throne.
Far as the Glories of thy Standard fly,
The World shall learn to rev'rence the most High.
I form fair *Light*; bid *Darkness* mount her Car;
Give Charms to *Peace*; or wake the Woes of War.
Ye fav'ring *Heav'ns*, with Streams of *Mercy* flow!
On *Earth's* consenting Plain let Justice grow!
Woe to the Man who strives with Pow'r divine:
Shall the weak Son despise his Father's Line?

Let

* Chap. XLV. I make no doubt that this Prediction, shewed to CYRUS by the Prophet DANIEL, inclined him to be gracious to the *Jews*.

† The brazen Gates, next the River, were left open that Night of Intoxication, when *Babylon* was taken.

Let painted Clay with painted Clay contend,
 But ne'er the Artist's Efforts boast to mend.
 My forming *Word* can best your Fate decree,
 Then ask the Series of Events of Me.
Earth from my Hand must all her Glories boast,
 My sov'reign Voice commands th' ethereal Host.
 Thou by my Choice shalt grace imperial Sway,
 And all the Dictates of my Truth obey;
 Bid *Salem's* Turrets in new Beauty glow,
 And on my Captives Freedom's Smile bestow.
 The gather'd Fruit of *Egypt's* lengthen'd Cares,
 The rich, the gold-spread *Ethiopia's* Wares,
Sabaean Sweets, amid thy Spoils shall fall;
 Their Sons, low-bending, for thy Pity call,
 Neglect their senseless Gods, acknowledge Him,
 Who crowns thee with victorious Joy, supreme."

How small a Portion of thy Truth we find,
 O God, the Saviour! how profound thy Mind!
 Dire Shame each false Idolater shall spread,
 While deathless Grace descends on *Israel's* Head.

The great CREATOR speaks——* "I reign alone;
 No evil God with *Me* disputes the Throne.
 Not in dark Corners nor ambiguous Phrase
 My Oracle discloseth future Days;
 Which, heav'nly pure, and incorruptly just,
 No base Indulgence gives to horrid Lust.

Each

* The repeated Declarations, in this Chapter, that God alone governs the World, might be levelled against the *Magian* Doctrine of two Gods, one the Author of Good, the other of Evil; Light and Darkness; *Yezdan* and *Ahriman*.

Each Knee shall bow ; each Tongue my Pow'r confess ;
And *Earth*, thro' all her Realms, my Mercy bless."

Babylon destroyed for her Inhumanity, and Luxury ; her Pride,
and Confidence in Astrology.

* Low to the Ground, O *Babylon*, descend !
Thy fainting Knees in pensive Anguish bend !
Struck from the Throne, adieu the chearful Smile :
Thy tender Limbs in dreary Dust defile !
Now thy soft Palm each rugged Task shall find,
Toil with the Slaves, with live-long Labour grind.
Spurr'd to fierce Vengeance, thy triumphant Foe
Shall smile exulting o'er thy helpless Woe :
While *Israel* hails REDEMPTION's festive Hour,
Safe in the Shade of HEAV'N's protecting Pow'r.
Thy Fate in darkling Solitude deplore,
O faded Matron, Queen of Realms no more.

When hapless *Israel* felt th' avenging Stroke,
His trembling Elders bow'd beneath thy Yoke :
Then said thy vaunting Tongue, " Supreme I live ;
No Aid I ask, no Succour will I give."
Now while thy vain Delights around thee roll,
I send this Dagger to thy careless Soul :
In one sad Hour thy blooming Sons shall die,
Thyself, low crush'd, a wretched Widow lie.

In vain thou say'st, " No Pow'r divine assails ;
One fix'd Fatality o'er all prevails."

In vain thou seek'st Enchantments in thy Need,
Curst Aggravations of each impious Deed.
Though black Magicians mutter o'er the Dead,
By false Astrologers the Stars be read;
Stars, like themselves, insensate all and blind:
No Marks of these dread Suff'rings shall they find;
But, vainly boastful of their Skill, expire,
Caught in the Streams of heav'n-directed Fire.

The MESSIAH sent to the *Gentiles*. His Love to his Church.

* Thou *Earth*, from all thy distant Regions hear!
Thou *Earth*, to him whom HEAV'N hath sent give Ear!
Herald of GOD!—his all-alarming Word
Shall rouse the Nations, like a flaming Sword,
Which gleams afar along th' astonish'd Sky,
And darts its awful Sparkles from on high.

Yet thankless *Israel* dares resist my Call;
With small Effect on *him* my Lightnings fall.
In vain tho' offer'd to a faithless Race,
The *Gentiles* still shall meet the Terms of Grace.
In *Sion's* Eyes tho' mean my Form appear,
Kings shall in Homage rise, with Rev'rence fear.
In well-accepted Time my Ensigns wave,
On gracious Terms th' obedient World I save.
Whilst I new Springs and chearful Skies display,
Freed from dark Chains, the Captives hail the Day.

I

No

No more shall FAMINE pale their Walks invade,
Nor HEAT, nor clammy THIRST infest the Shade.
His happy Flock the faithful SHEPHERD leads
To Groves, to cooling Springs, to dewy Meads.
O'er Mountains unapproach'd I smoothe the Way,
And Nations far-remote new Homage pay,
From *Scythia's* Snows, from *China's* flow'ry Vales;
And o'er th' *Atlantic* spread the joyous Sails.

Rejoice, ye *Heav'ns*! thou *Earth*, adopt the Song!
And let wild Music float the Hills among!
Behold the mighty God his People blest,
And timely Solace send to meek DISTRESS!

But *Sion* said, "My GOD forgets my Complaint,
And lets my feeble Soul unpitied faint."
Say, can a female Breast, by Nature mild,
A Parent, softer Name, neglect her Child?
Yes; ev'n a female Breast may savage prove,
A Parent's Heart forget the Ties of Love;
Yet will I ne'er thy lowly Off'ring spurn,
Nor bid thee in DESPAIR's black Mansion mourn.
No artful Stratagem, no lofty Foe
Shall ever make this Heart thy Form forego.
Rejoice! thy wither'd Sons shall bloom again,
Thy desolating Foes themselves arraign.

Lift thy glad Eyes! behold a countless Throng,
In *Sion's* Name exulting, haste along!
A crowded Nation now, though desert late,
Thy Land no more laments the Stroke of Fate.

Now,

Now, rapt with wildest Wonder, shalt thou say,
 " Where, in my Need, did this fair Offspring stray ?
 Oh tell me! were these blooming Children born,
 When late I wander'd friendless and forlorn ?"

JEHOVAH thus : " Lo, I the Standard rear,
 Adopted Sons in thick'ning Ranks appear ;
 The *Gentiles* haste to faithful *Sion's* Brow,
 To thee, O venerable *Salem*, bow.
 Queens to thy Seed shall lend their fost'ring Hands,
 And mighty Kings enforce thy blest Commands.
 The Patient thus enjoy their Suff'rings past,
 And Honour crowns each stedfast Soul at last !

* Unblushing FOLLY's wayward Voice complain'd,
 That I divorc'd her, and her Charms disdain'd,
 When she herself had long forsook my Love,
 In faithless Fields of vagrant *Vice* to rove.
 When Captives made, you mourn'd beneath your Chain,
 " We ne'er shall view fair *Palestine* again."
 Can this almighty Hand no more redeem ?
 Or, was your March from *Egypt* all a Dream ?
 Did not stupendous Pow'r the *Red-Sea* dry ?
 Nor, gasping in the Space, the Dolphins die ?
 The Sun's bright Beam retires before my Frown,
 Each fighting Angel droops his radiant Crown.

My Messenger, prepar'd with heav'nly Lore,
 Opes to the Sick sweet Consolation's Door.
 No Task however mean, which HEAV'N assigns,
 In TRUTH's all-sacred Cause my Son declines.

Stripes he receives, and brooks the dire Disgrace,
Nor from opprobrious Mocking hides his Face.
Unmov'd he stands, to ev'ry Ill resign'd,
Secure from *Me* the blest Reward to find.
With Efforts vain his ranc'rous Foes contend,
My ready Aid shall swift Deliv'rance send.

Let *his* Example chear each pensive Soul !
Tho' o'er their Heads black-pinion'd TEMPESTS roll,
Emerging they shall catch the smiling Ray,
And with their SAVIOUR rise to blisful Day.

* Ye Friends of Virtue, hear the Heav'n-taught Tongue !
Regard the † hoary Trees from which you sprung !
If wither'd Boughs produc'd innum'rous Seed,
Why wilt thou, *Salem*, in Dejection bleed ?
Plants of new Fragrance shall thy Wilds adorn ;
In thee shall bloom the first fair *Eden's* Morn.
Along thy Lawns shall breathe the softest Lays,
With nameless Raptures sound the Voice of Praise.

Hark ! pensive Sons ; to chear your fainting Race,
I send new Beams of Light, new Words of Grace.
Far shall this Grace extend it's saving Pow'r ;
Ye circling Isles, attend th' approaching Hour.
View the fair Heav'ns ; admire their azure Robe ;
Regard the Firmness of this solid Globe :
That Robe shall vanish, and that Strength decay,
And trembling NATURE mourn the last dread Day :
But my blest TRUTH outlives that awful Scene,
Thro' endless Days my Mercies flourish green.

Ye

Ye Souls, whose Treasure dwells above the Skies,
 The Frown, the foul Reproach of Man despise:
 Soon shall this Tyrant sink in kindred Clay,
 And on his viler Corse vile Reptiles prey.
 But heav'n-bright TRUTH and MERCY shall endure,
 From all the Rage of TIME and DEATH secure."

Be rous'd to wondrous Acts, thou *Arm Divine*!
 High-lifted, in primeval Lustre shine!
 Did not thy Pow'rs divide the madd'ning Wave,
 And 'mid devouring Gulphs the ransom'd save?
 With equal Pow'r redeem'd from mightier Woes,
 In Groves of Bliss shall *Israel's* Sons repose,
 And, far from envious GRIEF, with Glory crown'd;
 Shall hail soft-smiling Joy's eternal fount.

Conscious of this, of such a glorious Guide,
 Say, will ye crouch before some Mortal's Pride
 And Him forget, who first of Beings reigns,
 Who stretch'd the Heav'ns, and spread these nether Plains
 No more th' Oppressor's mimic Lightnings gleam,
 Hush'd is the Thunder of his airy Dream
 To FREEDOM'S Smile the banish'd Wretch returns,
 In Chains of NIGHT no more the Captive mourns.

* O *Sion*, rise! behold the happy Day!
 And in Attire of Joy thyself array
 Within the Precincts of thy sacred Ground
 No Stain shall enter, and no Falshood wound
 Spring from the Dust, O *Salem*! spurn the Yoke!
 Each Bond is loos'd, and ev'ry Fetter broke.

Fierce

Fierce *Zoan* crush'd you friendless and forlorn,
 The fell *Affyrian's* Stroke your Tribes have borne :
 Ruthless and savage, these high wav'd the Rod,
 Despis'd your Altars, and blasphem'd your God.
 Hence, my right Arm, unveil'd, shall bring Redress,
 And free *Redemption's* Aid my Sons shall bless.

How *their* blest Steps adorn the smiling Plains,
 Who publish Peace, who say, Your SAVIOUR reigns !
 The Watchman sees their beauteous Olives play,
 And on his Tow'r begins the gladsome Lay.
 Ye Sons of *Salem*, lift the raptur'd Voice !
 In Dews of Grace, ye rustle Wilds, rejoice !
 The Thunder of his Pow'r your God displays,
 And frightened Nations tremble as they gaze.

Serene, ye Priests, the sacred Vessels bear ;
 Be spotless Purity your solemn Care.
 Ye captive Tribes, return with placid Mein ;
 Celestial Light illumines the glist'ning Scene.

Loud-sounding Fame and heav'n-approv'd Success
 Shall all the Efforts of my Servant bless.
 What tho' in Racks of Pain his Beauty fail'd,
 And no soft-fighting Hearts the Change bewail'd ?
 His sprinkling Blood shall cleanse the sinful Lands,
 And Kings in Silence lift their wond'ring Hands :
 While Myst'ries all-ethereal stand reveal'd,
 And each kind Overture of Mercy's seal'd.

The

The Sufferings of the MESSIAH.

* Will *Israel's* Tribes a suff'ring Prince receive?
 Or, in a low-plac'd Son of Heav'n believe?
 No Pomp of Gold adorns his humble Train,
 A Branch he seems upon some wither'd Plain.
 No glorious Beam around his Temples flames,
 Nor heav'n-born Grace, display'd, our Homage claims.

Insulted by those Hands, that Life he gave,
 In Pain a Wretch, in Poverty a Slave:
 For him no gentle Sympathy is near,
 No lenient Pity sheds the soothing Tear.
 And yet *his* Soul, benignant to Mankind,
 Sustains the penal Wrath for them design'd.
 In his chang'd Aspect each Beholder reads
 Deep Sorrows Marks; for *us*, for *us*, he bleeds!
 The Rigour of *his* Stripes insures our Peace:
 See God appear'd, his awful Threatnings cease.
 Meek as the Lamb beneath the murd'ring Knife,
 Silent he pays the Sacrifice of Life.
 Free from Deceit, from curst Oppression's Stain,
 Tho' doom'd with Robbers to Disgrace and Pain,
 When DEATH's more gentle Hand his Eyes shall close,
 'Mid rich Perfumes his Body shall repose.

What tho' for others' Crimes the SAVIOUR bleed?
 His gladden'd Eyes again shall see his Seed.

Unchang'd

Unchang'd shall shine the Glories of his Day,

And free Salvation to the World display ;

Ope ever-blooming Pleasure to his Soul,

And bid fair Floods of wond'rous Knowledge roll :

While raptur'd Saints their gracious King adore,

Whose Hearts he hallow'd, and whose Sins he bore.

The Church increased ; and safe in the Care of the **ALMIGHTY**.

* Begin the Song, O thou who ne'er hast known

For these lov'd Sons sharp Labour's painful Groan,

Enlarge thy Tent, the length'ning Cord extend ;

Fast to thy Courts see thick'ning Nations bend !

Far let thy Torch with genial Lustre flame,

And bless th' obedient Gentiles with thy Name ;

Who with united Suffrage *Me* shall call,

Great in impartial Acts, the God of all.

No more of barren Days Reproaches fear,

Dear Pledges of our Love in Crowds appear.

No more in Wilds, deserted and alone,

To ruthless Winds and Caverns shalt thou moan.

For one short Hour displeas'd I hid my Face,

But now will cherish thee with endless Grace.

As erst I swore no Deluge should again

O'ertop all Mountains, and o'erspread each Plain ;

So now I swear my frowning Wrath shall cease,

And **MERCY** lead thee to soft Bow'rs of **PEACE**.

The Rocks shall fail, the Hills shall melt away,
But my celestial Love shall ne'er decay.

Blown by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Tempests tost,
In the foul Flood was all thy Quiet lost :
Now from firm Walls shall azure Sapphires gleam,
And crystal Splendor from thy Windows stream :
With blazing Adamant thy Gates shall fold,
Thy lofty Pillars beam with purest Gold :
Secure in blissful Shades thy Seed shall rest,
The Light of HEAV'N pervade each generous Breast.
In sacred Truth thy Throne shall flourish fair,
Far from the Scourge of Fear, from pining Care.
Though Pride of Pow'r may boast, tho' Tyrants frown,
Soon shall they sink in baleful Anguish down.
I form'd the Forgers of those direful Arms,
Which thirst for Blood, and scatter pale Alarms :
No Dart shall pierce thee, and no Spear shall wound,
Keen SLANDER'S Point shall on herself rebound.
Thus VIRTUE blooms before the King of Kings,
Safe in *his* fostering Care, from whom she springs.

* “ Stung with impatient THIRST, approach to Me,
And quaff nectareous Bev'rage without Fee.
Why toil so hard mere Vanity to gain ?
Why seek dire Draughts with unremitting Pain ?
Ah cultivate strict Union with my Breast !
And in my ever-faithful Mercies rest !
Good DAVID'S gracious Son, high-rais'd I stand,
To feed my far-spread Flocks, and to command.

K

Ib.

In Lands remote the Sheep my Voice shall hear,
And press into my Fold, and beg my Care.

In change of Heart your timely Grief express,
And seek my healing Grace, while prone to bless.
The deep in Crimes, whose sorrow is sincere,
Prevail with HEAV'N, and find Remission near.
Above the Thoughts of Man my Mercies rise,
High as o'er Earth the Convex of the Skies.
As Rain descends to wake the genial Grain,
And spread fair Harvest o'er the laughing Plain ;
So shall my pow'rful Voice effective prove,
In each kind Purpose of ethereal Love.

PEACE shall conduct you to the Realms of Day,
While vocal Hills resound th' enchanting Lay,
The waving Woods accept the melting Notes,
And all the feather'd Choirs extend their liquid Throats ;
While fragrant Myrtles bloom, and Firs aspire,
Where frown'd the prickly Thorn and useless Briar.

* In all your Ways let Marks of JUSTICE shine,
And TRUTH, best Harbinger of GRACE divine.
Revere my Sabbaths, and abstain from Ill,
And soon shall gushing Joy your Bosoms fill.
The lowly Stranger, who confides in ME,
Blest Days shall on my sacred Mountain see,
And breathe his Raptures in my House of Prayer,
For all the Earth shall find Acceptance there."

A true

A true Religious FAST described.

* Loud, like the Trumpet's, let thy Accents flow ;
The Blackness of their Crimes to *Israel* show.
Yet, thus polluted, in my Courts they bend,
And seem with faint-like Transport to attend.

“ Behold, we fast, and bear the humbling Pain ;
Does HEAV'N the Fervors of our Prayer disdain ? ”

Fools ! to expect that GOD will hear your Cry,
While round your Domes of Joy the Hirelings sigh.
From Prayer you swiftly move to dire Debate,
Nor does your Fast destroy the Seeds of Hate.

Is this your Fast, the mourning Veil to spread,
And, like the Bulrush, bow the mimic Head ?

Ah ! crush despotie *Sin's* unlovely Reign ;
Remove the Load, and break the Captive's Chain.

Ah ! to the Wretched ope your gracious Doors,
And bid the Naked bless your bounteous Stores.

Then heav'n-born Light shall break your transient Gloom,
And rosy HEALTH in all your Dwellings bloom :

The Sword of TRUTH shall in your Front appear,
And more than mortal GLORY close your Rear ;

No more your Sighs be lost in flitting Air :
For HEAV'N attends to ev'ry love-taught Prayer.

For ev'ry Drop, that stak'd the thirsty Tongue,
Full-flowing Tides shall pour their Wealth along.

Fair Tow'rs shall 'midst your time-worn Ruins rise,
And shining Spires shall seek the fav'ring Skies !

Despise false Pleasure ; and my Sabbaths love ;
And on bright Wings of RAPTURE soar above.

No Grief shall wound your clay-clad Spirits here,
No Terrors pierce ; for heav'nly Guards are near.

The rapid Progress of the GOSPEL. The Office of the MESSIAH.
Evangelic Promises.

* Thou brighter Sun, arise! emit thy Rays!——
The Dawn appears——celestial Glories blaze.
Dark Gloom of IGNORANCE th' Impression feel,
The Beams of TRUTH each slumb'ring Eye unseal.
With Wonder rapt, the *Gentiles* seek thy Ray ;
Low-bending to thy Throne, their Kings obey.
Lo, circling Nations listen to thy Fame,
And crowding Sons adore thy hallow'd Name.
Indulge the Thought ; let Joy thy Heart expand,
While distant Islands hail thy mild Command.
For Thee fair *Carthage* pours her sunbright Ore,
And *Persian* Chiefs disclose the spicy Store :
Perfumes salute thee from *Sabæan* Plains,
And in *Atlantic* Groves thy Glory reigns :
And Strangers, late thy deadly Foes, unfold,
T' adorn thy Fane, barbaric Pearl and Gold.
If some fierce Nation spurn thy righteous Sway,
Swift they shall fall to RUIN's Hands a Prey.

Th' eternal GOD the Charms of Heav'n bestows,
And from thy Courts diffusive Goodness flows.
Pure PLEASURE and fair PEACE unfulled shine,
And all thy Servants bloom with Grace divine.

SALVATION

SALVATION leads you to the Smiles of Joy,
 And Thanks and Praise your happy Hours employ.
 No more the Sun's faint Lustre gilds your Days,
 No more her borrow'd Light the Moon displays:
 The pale, the sick'ning Lamp no longer gleams,
 When uncreated LIGHT around you streams;
 When all your virtuous Sons unspotted live,
 When deathless Hope ETERNITY shall give.
 Small Means thus swiftly rise to wond'rous Pow'rs,
 When God's benignant Hand a Blessing show'rs!

* "Th'ethereal VISITANT inspires my Breast
 To shew the wave-beat Soul the Port of Rest;
 To weary Captive's blest Redemption's Hour:
 And Balms of Health on sighing Hearts to pour:
 To bid the Year, new-mark'd with Grace divine,
 In all the Pomp of Heav'n-bright Splendor shine:
 To give the Man, who mourns the live-long Day,
 Joy's gladd'ning Oil, and BEAUTY's bright Array.

Where DESOLATION's griesly Visage frown'd,
 With Tow'rs, with pleasing Groves, your Plains are crown'd.
 While Strangers' Necks beneath your Burdens bend,
 To sacred Acts alone your Sons attend.
 Where grim DISHONOUR smote your Looks with Shame,
 In high Distinction blooms your growing Fame.

I, the great Judge, who Alms from Pillage hate,
 Regard *your* Pray'r, and bless your righteous State.
 Your Bliss the awe-struck *Gentiles* shall behold,
 And in your Charter press to be enroll'd."

Mean while *Jerusalem* hails the peaceful Day,
 That decks her once-sad Breast with Brilliance gay;
 And pours her Heart in due Returns of Praise
 To him who meets her Love, who guards her Ways;
 To him who deigns celestial Dews to shed
 On VIRTUE's Plants, on TRUTH's fair-glist'ring Bed.

* "For Thee, the SAVIOUR saith, my Voice shall plead,
 Till Works of Faith the Smile of MERCY speed,
 And till her Glories shed their Beams divine,
 As to lost Steps propitious Torches shine.
 The darkling *Gentiles* shall thy Rays descry,
 And Kings to *Salem's* honour'd Mansions fly.
 A Crown of Grace thy Temples shall adorn,
 And a † *new Name* be by thy Offspring borne.
 No more in dreary Horrors shalt thou roll;
 For heav'nly Accents bless thy grateful Soul.
 As raptur'd Bridegrooms hear their Spouses' Voice,
 So o'er thy spotless Heart shall God rejoice.
 Lo, sleepless Watchmen shall thy Walls attend,
 Priests of pure Minds devout Petitions send,
 And with unshaken Trust before my Altars bend.

Hence, by the Pow'rs of this Right Arm I swear,
 Thy Praise shall bloom immaculately fair.
 Thy happier Sons in Plenty's genial Store,
 In Joy shall live, in Safety shall adore."

Around the Globe prepare the far-stretch'd Way,
 While *Glory's* Ensign *Israel's* Sons display.

Behold

* Chap. LXII.

† The Name of *Christians*.

Behold the SAVIOUR all his Cares employ !
 Behold him quickly meet the promis'd Joy !
 For sure he deems it Joy sincere, to find
 A righteous People call'd from lost Mankind.

* " What glorious Victor leaves th' ensanguin'd Plain ?
 Whose regal Vesture Streams of Purple stain ;
 Who marches with unbroken Courage on ;
 Whose Trophies mark the Fields his Arm has won."

" I, who for JUSTICE drench my Sword in Gore,
 But love the heart-felt Works of MERCY more."

" Why are thy Robes distain'd with reeking Blood ?
 Why hast thou march'd along the purple Flood ?"

" I trod the Press alone, the redd'ning Vale ;
 And my crush'd Foes beneath my Fury fail.

VENGEANCE enjoys her unresisted Reign ;
 The Sweets of LIBERTY my Sons regain.
 I look'd for Aids——no faithful Aids appear'd ;
 Yet has my single Arm these Trophies rear'd."

With grateful Transport fir'd, our Voice shall sing,
 The countless Mercies of our gracious King ;
 Who deigns to cherish TRUTH's emerging Ray,
 And saves our Souls from SIN's tyrannic Sway.
 When *Israel* groan'd beneath the Racks of Grief,
 His sympathising Goodness gave Relief ;
 Dispatch'd the brightest Minister of Grace,
 To spread his Pinions o'er the chosen Race.

Nay, when REBELLION and Satanic PRIDE
 His SPIRIT griev'd, and cast his Laws aside ;

His

His faithful Chief, whose Breast he had inspir'd,
 And with th' ethereal Blaze of Courage fir'd ;
 Who, in his Name, had smote th' astonish'd Wave,
 And bid the list'ning Floods no longer rave ;
 This meek, this faithful Shepherd stopp'd the Way,
 When WRATH's destroying Arms began to play.

Behold our Suff'rings from thy sapphire Plain,
 Where TRUTH and GRACE in seven-fold Glory reign.
 Say, will immortal CLEMENCY no more
 Command our Hearts thy Succours to adore ?
 Yes ; thy paternal Care shall screen us still
 From savage Foes, from each impending Ill,
 Though ABRA'M glories in another Sphere,
 And MOSES' self neglects our Sorrows here.

* Arm'd with resistless Pow'rs, may God descend,
 And with Displosions dire the Mountains rend !
 Now, as of old, let flaming Torrents roll,
 And bear thy mighty Name from Pole to Pole !
 Still know, my Heart, no mortal Eyes behold,
 Nor Ear hath heard, nor Tongue of Fame hath told,
 Nor can the wond'rous Efforts of the Mind
 The thousandth Portion of those Treasures find,
 Which the blest Hand prepares for him who turns
 To God entire, whose Love to Rapture burns.
 Yet the bright Eye of FAITH JEHOVAH meets,
 And with some Glimpse of Heav'n the Righteous greets.

What tho' thy awful *Wrath* might frown a-while,
 Returning *Goodness* shall for ever smile.

What tho' the godlike Palm we ne'er attain,
 Nor the bright Robe of perfect Virtue gain?
 Let Truth's sincere Regard their Place supply,
 Let Tears appease the Monarch of the Sky.
 Tho' we have wander'd from thy righteous Ways,
 Lost in the Turns of SIN's bewild'ring Maze;
 We are the Clay, great Father of our Race!
 Oh deign to form us in the Mould of Grace!
 Oh, gracious hear unhappy *Salem's* Cries,
 Whose once-gay-blooming Mount a Defart lies!
 Let not the Dome, once vocal with thy Praise,
 Lie a lost Ruin thro' succeeding Days!

* The great MESSIAH thus—"I call the Lands,
 Which ne'er had hop'd to rev'rence my Commands.

Here I too long have stretch'd my Hand in vain,
 And strove to rouse the Vicious and Profane;
 Who burn their Incense in the dusky Groves,
 And, 'mid their Rites, pursue detested Loves;
 Who say, "No fancied Stain can *us* defile,
 Whilst on our Acts the Gods propitious smile."
 From these, indignant, I my Face will turn,
 And swift-wing'd VENGEANCE shall their Dwellings burn.

Yet shall my Arm protect the chosen Few,
 Who, 'mid Revolts, to ABRA'M's GOD are true.
 I spare some faulty Clusters of the Vine,
 For the good Grapes that 'mid the Refuse shine.
 And for the Wife shall rosy *Sharon* bloom,
 And balmy *Gilead* shed the rich Perfume.

But

* Chap. LXV.

But the vile Herd, who Dæmons will adore,
 And chanſe their Vows to FORTUNE's fancied Pow'r,
 Who proudly ſpurn each heav'n-inſtructed Call,
 Shall ſoon in gory Heaps of Carnage fall.
 Whilſt on the Lap of PEACE my Servants ſing,
 At *them* ſhall GRIEF her pointed Terrors fling.
 For their dire Sins *their Name* ſhall be abhorr'd,
 And new-born *Chriſtians* bleſs their faithful Lord.

An Earth more beauteous, and more genial Skies.
 At my creating Mandate ſhall ariſe.
 'Mid dulcet Strains new *Salem* ſhall deſcend,
 And Knees in Transport round her Altars bend.
 No GUILT ſhall wither, and no PAIN ſhall wound,
 For LOVE divine with mutual Sweets is crown'd.
 No hoſtile Hand ſhall e'er their Domes annoy,
 Where YOUTH perpetual blooms, and deathleſs Joy.
 No anxious Cares, no Labour ſhall oppreſs ;
 Ev'n uninvok'd, I ſtand prepar'd to bleſs.
 No more the Savage of the Plain devours ;
 No deadly Rage invades theſe golden Hours."

11 7 49

The E N D.

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